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The Woman Who Laughed

THE CAREER OF LITTLE JETTA

By Marah Ellis Ryan

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

CHAPTER I

THE youngest of them was in semi-disgrace—in a "mood"—she so often was that way, and her indifference made it most aggravating to the rest of the company. It did look queer to see half-a-dozen grown people coaxing one little girl to say "yes." But what were they to do? A really clever child is not picked up every day.

"Come, Jetta!" urged a pretty maiden in an ulster and a veiled hat, "run through the rehearsal just once for the new man."

"Why?" aggressively asked the little mite, swinging her feet over the edge of the platform that was called a stage by the theatre-goers of Terry Centre. "Why should I? I know nothing of him."

"Let me introduce——"

"And I do not wish to," continued Jetta, curtly. "I know too many people now."

♦

She was scarcely nine years old—a long lifetime in which to make acquaintances.

"Won't you, my dear?" asked the serious-visaged comedian, tying a couple of curls under her chin like bonnet strings. "Come along."

"No," she said, twitching her shoulder from beneath the kindly hand for which she had generally a great friendship. "I grow tired of every week and every week rehearsing. And what difference does it make?—it is all for those people of the country, who know so little. They do not ap-pre-ci-ate."

The word was a hard one for her, but she mastered it with her slight accent that softened many an ugly speech. And then she took a seat in the rear of the hall—or schoolhouse—and calmly watched the rehearsal, indifferent to the vexation of the others.

The new man stumbled through some way, with the help of the good-natured "juvenile" lady who read Jetta's scenes with him, and of the "first old woman," who also kindly did what she could.

At last, when it was all over and the company hastened away to luncheon, the newcomer stopped the "juvenile" lady to thank her for her endeavors to help him.

"But I'm afraid it is not much use," he said despondently. "I am not heavy enough for the part and have not experience for such responsible work. I wish I was out of it."

♦

But the young lady reassured him and followed the rest from the building, leaving him there to study and work—alone, as he thought. He had forgotten the ill-natured child who had refused to rehearse, until in the midst of his elaborate elocutionary efforts she emerged from a shadowy corner like a penitent apparition.

"I will go over the scenes with you if it is your wish, sir," she said in her most amiable manner. "That part has all been much changed, and is a hard study. But I know the whole piece through, and where it is wrong I will tell you."

"But I thought you did not want to rehearse," he replied, looking down at her with a smile in which there was no gayety.

"I have changed my mind," she answered with quaint self-possession. The fact was, she had heard his despondent words and they had done more to render her pliable than all the persuasions of the company. "But," she repeated, "I will read the part with you if you care to."

And with the child as stage manager he really found himself gaining a better idea of the character than under the conflicting directions of the older members. Over and over their scenes they went, until each was warm and tired from their exertions.

"Do not read that line so," she said when they stopped to rest a bit.

"All right," he returned good-humoredly. "How should I read it?"

And no stroke of policy could be more clever than that appeal to the opinion of the little country "star."

"Well, I will tell you," she smiled graciously, "what it is my papa says. He says an artist never works for the applause, but always works to deserve it. Now, you read that line for the applause there was in it, and then forgot to make it, first of all, natural."

"Well!" muttered the young fellow in astonishment at the keen analysis of his work. "You are a clever little girl. Who is your papa—an actor?"

"No," she answered curtly, "he is not—and I do not desire that people say always I am clever. I know what it is I am without hearing it," and she deliberately picked up her wide hat, intimating that rehearsal was over and that her uneven temper was disturbed. And the young fellow walked beside her and wondered what he had said to give her offense, not dreaming the child had gauged her own capabilities and chafed under any reference to the narrowness of them.

♦

Down the village street together they went without his curiosity being in any way satisfied, for she seemed to have no more to say, either of his work or himself. And from the windows peered many a pair of eyes at them as they passed, and many a smile and word of greeting was given the child. For on the side of the blacksmith's shop a stand of bills had been pasted for a week—very gorgeous ones, in red and black and yellow letters, informing the public that on that day and date the "Original and Only Uncle Tom's Cabin Dramatic Co." would stop in their march of triumph for a two days' visit to the citizens of Terry Centre, thus giving them—the citizens—an opportunity of seeing the greatest child actress of the age, "Little Jetta," also the finest pair of full-blooded ferocious bloodhounds before the public, and the most comical trained donkey that ever brayed to a master.

It was the second visit of the "Original and Only." A year before they had produced the sanguinary moral drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," and with it began the dramatic education of the Terry Centreites, so the Thespians were in a way at home in the little elm-shaded cross-roads town, where the theatre was engaged from the school committee and the stage furnishings donated by the citizens.

And what a lugging of chairs and tables and lamps there was along the sidewalks that day! and what a string of eager urchins hung around the schoolhouse door for the chance of earning an entrance! The belles and beaux were all anticipation, while some of the older folks set their faces sternly against such diversions and shook their heads ominously when they heard that the minister's widow had agreed to board some of the troupe, and that the doctor's wife had offered her spare rooms for the accommodation of other members of the company.

♦

And yet, what a prosaic party they were! The proprietor, Mr. Newton, with his stout, comely wife, who played "first old woman" and was seldom seen without a mass of softly tinted stuffs growing from her swift knitting needles; then their two boys—Harry and Jack—freckle-faced like their father and good-humored like their mother; they distributed bills of the drama through the day and tended door in the evening, taking care of the dogs and the donkey.

And there was the "heavy man," with a very big voice, and the "leading lady," very much of a stickler for the attention due her position. Much, too, in evidence were the nervous young man who did "juveniles" and never could stand still to speak his lines, and the comedian who shook hands solemnly with his manager at the end of every summer and went back to New York for "a metropolitan engagement, my boy—no more barn-storming," and who came back regularly at the beginning of the next season, secretly thankful to find his old position still open for him. Then there were a husband and wife who did "general business," and were very much devoted to each other, and an occasional amateur that was added to it or dropped out made up the company—altogether a commonplace one, with much the atmosphere of a family party penetrating it, all very usual, very prosaic, except those two odd ones.

No one called them that, however. The greatest respect was paid Miss Jetta and her Papa Louis, who on the bills was mentioned as the superb violinist, Professor L. Boust. But there was no denying the fact that they seemed like strays in that little provincial company ever since their introduction to it somewhere in one of the mountain villages in Vermont, where the people seem buried through the snowy winters and only emerge as the tourists flock up from the south.

♦

Jetta sometimes tried to count back through the weeks and remember how long ago that had been, but the weeks sadly confused themselves through playing so many return dates, and her geography and arithmetic would get so mixed that at last she contented herself with reckoning Indian fashion, by the seasons of flowers and the seasons of snows. She could count them easily on the fingers of one little hand, for there had been two of each.

It had been in the season of flowers they had first become acquainted with the "Original and Only"—an acquaintance through which the manager and his wife congratulated themselves—and it had all been a mere chance, the pivot on which Fate swings so many lives.

The sole musician of the little troupe had failed them—gone over to the enemy in the shape of a band that played in the grounds of one of the big hotels up the mountain. The manager, at his wits' end, was airing his vexation in the corner drug store, when this half-foreign-looking stranger addressed him.

"I play," he said briefly. "I offer you my services as musician if you pay me money. I have with me but a violin, but I play anything."

Mr. Newton confessed afterward to his wife that he was "knocked out" at the offer, for the gentleman had been a guest of one of the large hotels; he was so well dressed as to lead one to think him a person of means, and he was evidently a man of education and used to a higher circle of associations than that which composed the worthy but crude little company.

♦

Yet there he was, and apparently in earnest.

"Yes, I am a stranger. I come here from your south, where my child fall sick. I bring her to your north mountains where she recover, but it has taken long. The money is gone; to make more I will play."

And play he did, that night and many to follow—played music such as had never been heard with a traveling show in those quaint old villages, and astonishing the actors as much as the audience.

"He is a genius, my dear," said Mrs. Newton to her husband; "if we could only keep him!"

"I do not know," he said, when after much discussion of the subject an offer was made him to travel with the "Original and Only." "I have my Jetta, who goes where I go; if she says yes, we will go. You play always near the fields and the forests?—that would be good for her; well, we will see."

♦

CHAPTER II

AND Jetta, a little bronze-curled, brown-eyed thing of six years, was enthroned in state in a front seat one night and watched solemnly through the hitchy performance, and smiled her approval of the comedian's funny falls, and listened with her eyes closed to the soulful music.

"Yes, we will go with them, Papa Louis," she said when it was all over and the ladies had petted and made much of her, and the sham life had piqued her curiosity. "It will be more nice than the big hotel, where you never play. With these good people it will be every day I will hear you make music—every day and every night."

And so had begun the life of those two aliens, who, though associating intimately with the others, were so widely different.

♦

Once kindly Mrs. Newton had asked some question about her mother, and Jetta's eyes had opened wide with dread as she glanced about to see if her father was in hearing.

"I know nothing," she said, in the pretty, impetuous speech that had just a tinge of French accent. "You must ask me nothing of Mamma Agrae. I know but that papa is unhappy and we are in some strange country. But we never say, not anything, else he drinks wine—oh, much wine! Now since I am grown I know to be careful. So please not to ask me. I have only Papa Louis, that is all."

Ere many weeks went by they learned that through some provocation or appetite the Professor did drink wine at times; the times were wide apart, but the people grew to count on their sure return and make provision for them.

At such times the child with subtle sympathy had grown to know the signs of coming dissipation. She made no excuse for him—only was regretful that it was one of the things that had to be. But despite that weakness he was a great acquisition to the party. He asked for little salary, was content if only the child was happy, and grew well and strong in the northern sunshine.

It was Jetta herself who, watching night after night a drama into which was introduced a "local" child—generally a much-frightened one—made a proffer of her own services for the rôle. "But, of course, I can do it," she said, with a little disdain at any expressed doubt, "and do it right—not as it has been. Oh, yes; Papa Louis will give me his consent, and I can do anything I make up my mind to—he can tell you."

"If it pleases her that is enough," he said when spoken to; "yes, let her try."

♦

And her trial proved as his own had been—a success. Altogether the couple had been a big gain to the "Original and Only," so much so that the manager thought it advisable to keep them, and their home had been on the shady farm of the Newtons during the short idle time.

The petting and flattery of the public for two seasons had aroused the child to a knowledge of her own worth and her own talent. "I will be an actress," she said confidently. "Not for play like this, but for always, and in the grand theatres."

Her father's eyes clouded a little as he heard this statement and noted the growing ambition in the young mind.

"I thought it was wise when I let you amuse yourself with this work, my little one," he said to her one day. "But now, when it gives you desires beyond this simple life, I am not so sure. In my wish to forget much I may have even forgotten you for a while."

"But sometime I would have wanted to act whether I had seen these people or not," she answered—"that is, if I am an artist."

"Yes, if you are an artist."

"You think I will not be?" she said quickly, noting that reservation in his speech. "You think I will only be like these actors! But I will not—I will be clever."

"You are clever, Jetta," he said, but the tone was far from satisfying the would-be meteor.

She pondered over his words for many days. She was, as he said, clever—and in more ways than one. She was quick to connect his words of the present with remembered links of the past, of days when his music was always glad, and when it had been played in a beautiful house in a beautiful garden, and just herself and Mamma Agrae had been the audience. And how lovely and blonde was Mamma Agrae, and how gay! The best-remembered thing about her was her laugh—so clear, so silvery, so innocent! Jetta also remembered that the sweet laughter was seldom alone; there were always visitors to laugh with her and to pet

Jetta—gentlemen who smoked with Papa Louis and talked of music and pictures often through the evenings. Then had come that one gentleman who had never laughed gayly with Mamma Agrae as the others did—only sat aside and watched her in a way that at last would make her raise her eyes and look at him, no matter how many others there were talking with her. And once there had been indignant words between Papa Louis and Mamma Agrae, and it was all about that one gentleman, for Jetta had heard, and Mamma Agrae had been very penitent about something and cried until Papa Louis had forgiven her, and then when he had gone out of the room how that sweet, gay laugh of hers rang out! and from that moment Jetta never liked so well her pretty mamma, for she saw that the tears were only pretense and that her Papa Louis was cheated.

•

Fragments of all that unhappy past came to her often, but she never let her father know that she remembered, not even about the morning when he had wakened her before the sun rose and wrapped her warm in cloaks and taken her through the garden to a carriage, and had heard him say, "I leave her all the rest, but not you, my Jetta," and there was in the carriage a gentleman—a physician whom she knew, and who dressed a wound in her papa's arm while the horses went so very, very fast—running straight away from the sunrise that was making everything so beautiful. And they spoke of a duel and she knew somebody was dead, and that her Papa Louis must go quickly to some other country. And then for days there had been only the sea about them, and when the shore came in sight again she had been told it was a new land.

All those memories clung about the fine bits of linen and lace over which good Mother Newton was curious at times. All that part was to her as a dream of fairyland, with the daintiness and the vagueness of it—a very romance in contrast to the prosaic realities of these country roads where the meadow-larks were heard in the mornings, and where the homely, kind people spoke without refinement and moved without grace. That they praised her as something superior did not matter much to her. She did not care for their opinion; she rather wished they were superior themselves.

"My child," said her father sometimes, "in the years to come you will look back on this pastoral as an idyll of life, and all this homely sweetness will be wished for when we have left it behind. Shall we leave it? Suppose somewhere here we have a cottage big enough for two; about it you can have a garden of roses; within I will once more write the music I have let go by me for so long. It can be so now; it will come to me again. I know it; well, what do you say?"

She looked at him a little moodily—this reasoner of nine years; she wanted to please him, but—"I do not care for the roses," she said at last, "not here, where no one can see them—and when the birds sing I always want instead the music of a grand theatre—your music also, Papa Louis, only I want it where people will know what it is; these people do not; they praise, but they do not understand. You would be content in your work alone—that is because you are a genius, and I—I must hear the praise of the people, else the work is nothing."

And it was at Terry Centre that the building of the wall began that was to divide their lives from that of the "Original and Only," and the cause of it was a wanderer from one of the fishing-clubs camping out in the Vermont hills. "She is very talented," he said enthusiastically to Newton, who was on the door, "and what pathos she puts into that part! She is a thorough little actress. I am going to bring over our party from camp to-morrow night to see your company."

•

The next night they came—half a dozen or so, who wondered at the contrast those two aliens presented to their surroundings. "And that child is just the one Hetzel needs for that new play of his," remarked one; "she could play that part sure. It's a shame for her to be buried here." Then there was some conversation with the Professor, ending by his accepting a card with the address of a metropolitan manager in case he and the child should care to leave the country company. But the card remained in his pocket, and Jetta heard of it first through Jack Newton, one of the brothers.

"I was mighty 'fraid you'd go, back there at the Centre," he informed her. "I heard Ma tell Pa she was 'fraid that lot was city managers that wanted you. I guess they did speak to Professor, but he didn't want any of it."

"And Papa Louis did not tell me! And I so wild to go!" she burst out, and then Jack knew he had made a mistake.

"I wouldn't mind if I was you," he said soothingly. "I guess your Pa didn't think much of the men, maybe. And I've heard them say that the cities are a mighty lonesome place to go to if you haven't friends."

"People can do without friends if they have success," said the girl.

"Can they?" asked the boy. But she did not hear. She had gone to look for her father, to sweep into a new and strange life of which she knew nothing.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Glories of Niagara

HAIL, sovereign of the world of floods, whose majesty and might
First dazzled them in rapture, then o'er all the aching sight,
The pomp of Kings and Emperors in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
While onward, onward, onward thy march still holds its way;
And the rising mist that veils thee as thy herald goes before,
While the music that proclaims thee is the thundering cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam and sprays of feathery dew,
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high,
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang for joy;
The sun, the moon and all the orbs that shine upon thee now
Saw the first wreath of glory that twined thy infant brow.

For whether on thy forest bank the Indian of the wood,
Or since his day the red man's foe on his fatherland have stood;
Who e'er has seen thy incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,
Must have bent before the God of all to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great, O Infinite, O God,
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way.

And if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thine hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament in Thy balance grains of sand,
If Niagara's roaring flood seem great to us who lowly bow,
O Great Creator of the whole, how passing great art Thou!

And though Thy power be greater than the finite mind may scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy shown to weak, dependent man;
For him Thou clothest fertile fields with herb, and fruit, and seed,
For him the woods, the lakes, the seas supply his hourly need.

Around, on high, above, below, the universal whole,
Proclaim Thy glory as the orbs in their fixed courses roll,
And from creation's grateful voice the hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to earth the chorus, God is love.

—Buffalo Sunday News.

At Home with Jules Verne

HOW A POPULAR AUTHOR MAKES HIS PLOTS

THE well-known French journalist, Adolphe Brisson, has written an interview with Jules Verne, whose Around the World in Eighty Days and other works are familiar wherever there is a popular literature. Jules Verne, who was born in 1828, will be seventy this spring; and, although one leg is rather lame from an old accident, he bears his years well and preserves a youthful vivacity. Whether this be due to his diet, consisting chiefly of vegetables, eggs and milk, M. Brisson does not inform us. Mme. Verne—who, we are told, has the appetite of a bird—divides her time between works of charity and play-going, having a box at the theatre in Amiens, where M. Verne resides, and of which city he is a municipal counselor. Although within about two hours of Paris by rail he never feels the least desire to go there.

"Yes," he said, "I have given up Paris, although I have experienced much satisfaction there." Then he proceeded to relate how, while still a student, having written half a dozen tragedies, he left Brittany for Paris, where he vaguely hoped to make his fortune. He had only a moderate liking for the law, but was devoted to music and poetry. In Paris he collaborated with the younger Dumas in a one-act piece called Broken Straws, which, through Dumas' interest, was produced at the Theatre Historique, and was very favorably received. Verne and the two Dumas wrote in the garden of Dumas' house, named after the famous romance, Monte Cristo, and used to see the women of the family arrive there shortly before the dinner hour. Dumas the elder would leave his work for the pantry, and concoct some excellent mayonnaises between two chapters of a novel he was writing. There was no silver plate, which did not seem to surprise the guests.

Verne became general secretary to the Theatre Lyrique; he did not receive any salary, but had the great pleasure of meeting such illustrious authors and composers as Scribe, Adolphe Adam, Auber and others. Meanwhile he wrote short stories in the style of Edgar Allan Poe.

One of these, A Drama of the Air, attracted notice. It tells how a madman, by mistake admitted into the car of a balloon, tries to kill the aëronaut. Finding that balloons caught the public, Verne wrote his first romance, Five Weeks in a Balloon, which was a brilliant success. He was so elated that he contemplated several vast literary projects. His publisher, however, wisely counseled him to concentrate his forces. "If you have not founded, you have at any rate resuscitated a kind of fiction which seemed exhausted. Keep to the track which chance, or your natural genius, has led you to discover. You will gain plenty of money and renown on condition of not straying into by-roads. There, that is settled. Dating from to-day you will give me two romances every year. To-morrow we will sign the agreement." M. Jules Verne did sign the agreement, and has never failed to observe its provisions. No accident has ever prevented the regular production of his two books per annum. The Sphinx of the Ice is the seventy-sixth volume of the series which began thirty-eight years ago with Five Weeks in a Balloon.

Answering M. Brisson's inquiry as to the source whence he takes his plots, M. Verne said: "Don't think my works are improvised. They cost me much effort. I copy and recopy them many times before sending them to the printer." He showed the manuscript of a new work he had in hand. Every chapter has numerous notes relating to the characters and the dialogues. It is afterward written in pencil on paper. This is a rough first copy, which the author rewrites in ink with any necessary alterations. But this is not done until he has fixed his scenery and found his dénouement, which is the important part of the business. The end must be altogether optimistic and ingenious in order to please the public, and not be too easily guessed at by young readers.

In this point of view Verne's newspaper readings stand him in good stead. Sometimes a casual incident, a telegram, or an advertisement may suggest unlooked-for combinations. The plot of Around the World in Eighty Days was suggested by an advertisement. M. Verne, having planned his book, consults every authority on that part of the world where his action takes place, and saturates himself with geography.

This is the painful stage of thinking; the rest is child's play. It was George Sand who suggested Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, in a letter of thanks (written in 1865) for two of his works which had diverted her thoughts from a great sorrow. "I have only one regret," she writes, "to express concerning them, and that is that I have finished them and have not a dozen more to read. I hope you will soon take us into the depths of the sea, and make your characters voyage in diving apparatus which your knowledge and imagination will be able to perfect."

M. Brisson expressed to M. Verne his astonishment at the sedentary habits of one who knew so much about the terrestrial world, and wondered that he had never had a desire to travel and take his information on the spot, instead of culling it from books. Whereupon M. Verne confessed that he once owned a small yacht, on board of which he had cruised in the Channel and the Mediterranean, but had never ventured further. If, however, he did not seek the excitement of perilous voyages, no doubt (M. Brisson ventured to suggest) he must like shooting, fishing, riding, polo, and football. But M. Verne seems to have no more claim to be a sportsman than had Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, of Pickwickian renown, for he frankly confessed a dislike to fishing as a barbarous pastime, and affirmed that shooting filled him with horror. He did once go out shooting, and hit a gendarme's hat, who summoned him to the police court. He then registered a vow, which he has religiously kept, never to go out shooting any more.

Celebrities of the Day

SIDE-LIGHTS ON MEN OF NOTE

THE SIMPLE WAYS OF NANSEN.—A recent visitor describes Nansen as taking "an almost boyish pleasure in his good fortune and fame." He has a fine yacht and has ordered a new and better one, and his snug home among the cliffs and woods will be replaced by a larger and more comfortable house. "Prosperity has come to him, but it has not inflated his vanity nor unbalanced his judgment. He is a man of singular simplicity of nature and nobility of character."

TENNYSON AND HIS TITLE.—Sir Henry Irving, at a supper given in his honor by the Art Club of Manchester recently, said that shortly after Lord Tennyson had been elevated to the peerage the actor remarked: "Look here, Tennyson, I can't call you Lord." Said Tennyson: "I can't help it; I only did it for the sake of the boy." Sir Henry added dryly that he "rather thought this anecdote would not be found in the recently published life of Lord Tennyson."

HOW KIPLING HELD ON.—The story is told of Rudyard Kipling that when a boy he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

THE POPE COLD IN A PALACE.—The recurring indisposition of the Pope has again raised the question of heating the Vatican, a problem which so far has never been satisfactorily solved. There are no fewer than eleven thousand rooms in the Papal Palace, and many of them never receive a ray of sunlight. Professor Laponi, the physician to His Holiness, has tried by all the means in his power to maintain a normal temperature in the private apartments, but without effect, and they remain much too cold for the daily diminishing vitality of the Pope. An architect recently submitted a plan for distributing hot air all through the Vatican, but when the cost was mentioned—$180,000—the Pope dismissed the subject with a wave of the hand.

LOST IN ADMIRATION.—Now that James H. Eckels is no longer Comptroller of the Currency I hope I am not indiscreet in telling a little story about him, says a writer in the Washington Post. Two years ago he went on a coaching trip through Switzerland with Mr. Ben Cable, of Illinois, and a party of Americans. One afternoon the coach stopped in the midst of the most wonderful of Alpine landscapes. Everybody sat in silence, entranced at the beauty of the scene. The ladies of the party murmured their admiration. Mr. Eckles appeared to be most deeply affected. Everybody waited for him to speak. In his revery his surroundings seemed forgotten. At last he spoke: "I never saw anything," he said, solemnly, "like those fish we had for breakfast."

BISMARCK'S JEWISH BLOOD.—Few people are aware that Prince Bismarck is of Hebrew descent, says the International Magazine. He derives his Jewish blood from his mother, whose father—Anastasius Menken, one of the favorite bureaucrats of Frederick the Great—was of Hebrew parentage. Although of late it has evidently appeared politic to the Prince to countenance the anti-Semitic movement both in Germany and Austria, yet while in office he invariably showed himself a good friend to the Jewish nation, and chose the Hebrew banker at Berlin, Baron von Bleichroeder, as his most trusted confidant. Indeed, in those days he was so well disposed toward the Jews that he even discussed the advisability of marrying his sons to Jewesses on the ground that it would bring money into the family again, and likewise "improve both morally and physically the Bismarck line."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PICTURE.—An impressive pen-portrait of the Emperor is by G. B. Stevens, the clever correspondent of the London Daily Mail: "And between the walls of acclamation came riding the Kaiser. A man of middle size, sitting constrainedly and bolt upright; a dead-yellow skin, hard-penciled brows, a straight, masterful nose, lips jammed close together under a dark mustache pointing straight upward to the whites of his eyes. A face at once repulsive and pathetic, so harsh and stony was it, so grimly solemn. A face in which no individual feature was very dark, but which altogether was black as thunder. He raised his gloved hand in a stiff, mechanical salute and turned his head impassively from left to right; but there was no courtesy in the salute, no light in his eye, no smile on the tight mouth for his loyal subjects. He looked like a man without joy, without love, without pity, without hope. He looked like a man who had never laughed, like a man who could never sleep. A man might wear such a face who felt himself turning slowly into ice. It was not the coldness that might be expected in a person placed so high above his fellowmen, but rather the chill that comes from a frigidity of nature which, frozen itself, freezes everything that meets it."

In His Father's Footsteps

HOW THE YEARS BROUGHT VINDICATION

By Sarah Doudney

"ONE of the richest women in all England!" said Honor Creed to herself.

It was early summer, and there was a full chorus of bird-voices in the trees of Lincoln's Inn; Honor could hear the sweet, wild music soaring over her head as she stepped out of her lawyer's office into the square. She heard it still when she was seated in a hansom, and yet it seemed to her that she was deaf to everything but those astounding words, spoken in Mr. Lorton's sedate voice—

"You are one of the richest women in England."

As the hansom rolled on she looked down suddenly upon her black dress with a feeling of angry pain. If this immense fortune had only come to her twenty years ago her whole life would have been changed; instead of a dreary woman, left alone in the world at forty-five, she might have been a happy matron with boys and girls to provide for and a husband to share her prosperity. She had always known (or rather suspected) that her father was a man of means; but who could have imagined him to be the possessor of this enormous wealth? No luxury had ever been lacking in his quiet household; her own allowance was liberal. It was a curious thing to have lived with a father for forty-five years and find out all about him after he was dead. He spoke from the grave.

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It did not occur to her that she might have known more if she had tried to know. She went back again over the long past to her twenty-fifth birthday, when Derrick Fletcher had asked her to be his wife. She could remember that day as distinctly as if it had been yesterday; the old gladness leaped up again in her heart; the blood warmed her cheeks at the mere remembrance.

It was her father who had blighted the promise of her youth and sent Derrick away from her side forever. He had asked stupid and perplexing questions about young Fletcher's means and habits of life. And Derrick, the handsome, ardent lover, had frozen under that chilling investigation, and had written a sad little letter to Honor saying that he was compelled to resign her at the bidding of Mr. Creed.

There was still a hot glow of resentment burning in her heart when she reached her home in Regent's Park. The house should be sold as soon as possible, she thought, looking about her with tearless eyes; she had lived there far too long; it was time to seek fresh scenes and associations.

The place was a true Londoner's paradise: from the windows she looked down the long alleys of an extensive garden, shady with fine old trees. All at once her fancy conjured up the bowed, gray-haired figure of the old man slowly pacing his favorite path under the flowery branches, and then she burst into a sudden storm of tears.

The fit of honest crying did her good and cooled the hot anger of her lonely heart; but it left her strangely tired and weak. She needed change of air and scene; it would be wise to get away at once; but where was she to go? A swift remembrance answered the mental question, and presented her with a picture of another garden, more than sixty miles from London, where there were deeper shadows and wilder flowers, and a cool river flowing at the end of the grounds. This garden belonged to a drowsy old inn in a peaceful village which her father had discovered years ago.

Yes, she would go to Mallowdean the very next day, and send a telegram to announce her coming. She wrote the message at once and gave directions to her maid.

"We shall start early to-morrow morning, Harrison," she said. "There is a train about nine. You will pack, and I shall go to bed soon after dinner. If I were to remain here another day I should have an illness."

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The noonday sun was glaring down upon the village when the travelers alighted at the door of the old inn. There were no changes since Honor had stayed here last; the old house was as shady and still as ever, infolded by a veil softly woven of brightness and shade, and remote enough from other dwellings for nothing to disturb its seclusion. Every room seemed filled with an atmosphere of peace; sweet airs and murmurs drifted in through the open windows, lulling her with such gentle influences that she ceased to wonder what she should do with her money.

A light rain fell in the night, and Honor awoke to find herself in a fresh-morning world. No London garden could ever give her the exquisite sense of untainted sweetness which revived her here. She did not care to stay indoors; the trees and flowers invited her to come and muse among them; and in the afternoon she sauntered down to a quaint arbor at the end of the grounds. It was a charming bower, overgrown with ivy and a confusion of flowery creepers, and the walls were formed by a wooden lattice covered thickly with leafage and bloom. Just where it stood there was a break in the straggling hedge which divided the old inn garden from the orchard belonging to a neighboring farm she also well knew.

Miss Creed sat down on the decaying seat, remembering that this had been her father's chosen nook. He had loved to sit here, just as she was sitting now, listening to the drone of the bees and the lazy rush of the river flowing near by. Her eyelids began to grow heavy; past and present, river and bees, made a drowsy song in her brain, and she floated quietly off into a land of dreams. A sweet voice roused her suddenly from her doze—a voice that had in it a thrill of passionate pain and deep sorrow.

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"Basil, is this true?" it said. "Do you really mean that you must leave me? Don't you realize that I am alone in the world, and that I have been praying and longing for you to come?"

"I do realize it all, my dear child," answered another voice, husky with embarrassment and trouble. "You don't know what it costs me to tell you such a bitter truth; but there is only one course open. I am a poor man; and you—have nothing!"

"A very little; not enough to live upon. But you used to say that you longed to work for me, Basil!"

"Yes, Susie; a man always makes a fool of himself when he is in love; but I don't quite see what I can do to earn a decent living for us both. It's not so easy as it seems. Naturally, I thought that you would be well provided for when—when——"

"Poor, dear father!" There was a stifled sob and a pause. "I used to fear that there was something on his mind before he died. Oh, if he had only had the strength to tell me that all his money was gone! It was such a cruel shock to learn that I was poor; but Basil, I trusted in you; it was the thought of you that kept me up."

"Yes, dear; and I love you awfully still—indeed I do. But there's only one course open, you see, as I've been saying all through. It's rough on us both, Susie; and I shall never forget you as long as I live."

"I wish I could forget you." The words were spoken with an intensity of bitterness which made Honor start from her seat. She moved softly, and peered through the lattice which divided the speakers from herself.

A girl and a young man were sitting side by side in a tangle of white roses. The girl was beautiful; her sweet, pale face, crowned with a rippling mass of golden-brown hair, looked all the fairer against her black dress. The man was fair, too, and had clean-cut features, and a pair of small blue eyes which seemed curiously familiar. When and where had she seen those twinkling blue eyes before?

"I'm afraid I must go, Susie," the man said, rising rather awkwardly from his seat, and grasping his hat with a nervous hand. "It's a long walk to the railway station, you know. Good-by, dearest—good-by, darling. It would be an immense comfort to hear you say that you forgive me."

"I don't forgive you. I never can."

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Her face looked as if it had been cut in marble. He gave her one miserable glance, sighed audibly, and walked away up the orchard with a hangdog aspect.

The deserted girl sat motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her hands loosely clasped and lying in her lap. Honor coughed, and rustled behind the latticework, but she did not seem to hear the sounds; and there was something so dreadful in this stillness that Miss Creed was wrought up to shout, or do some desperate thing to break the spell. She had left the summer-house, and was standing behind the low hedge, looking over at the rigid figure, when, quite suddenly, it rose to its feet and for a moment stood irresolute.

"The river! The river!"

Honor never knew whether she merely thought the words or shrieked them out into the summer silence. She was vaguely conscious that two frantic women, with only a low hedge between them, were running down madly to the brink of the water; and then came the inevitable leap and splash, followed by another leap and another splash as Miss Creed sprang in to the rescue.

She was an athletic woman, with a good deal of the Amazon in her composition, and she had learned to swim. Fortunately, her clothing was light, her limbs were strong, and she kept her head clear. As the girl's pale face rose to the surface she seized the thick masses of golden hair and held it above water with all the strength that she possessed. Suddenly from the bank above came a hearty voice; a man's face looked down, and then a rope came dashing into the stream.

"Hold on steady, now," he shouted, "and we'll pull ye both up together."

And they were both pulled out together—saviour and saved—the one spent, breathless, but conscious; the other cold and still. A carter and his lad, moving slowly with their wagon on the opposite bank, had heard the splash of the two bodies in the river and had caught Honor's cry for help. The two dripping women were put into the wagon and conveyed back to the inn across the bridge.

"Don't fuss about me, Harrison," Honor said to her anxious maid. "Just attend to the young lady, and let me know when she recovers."

While her mistress was getting into her dry clothes, Harrison was bringing the pale girl back to life. They had carried her into the spare room next to the one occupied by Miss Creed, and the landlady had recognized her as "that poor Miss Lawrence, whose father had been buried about three weeks ago." Father and daughter had come down from London in April, and had taken apartments at Orchard Farm on account of the former's failing health. After his death the daughter had stayed on until her future course could be decided upon. She was very quiet and gentle, and had won the good-will of all.

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Honor was not any the worse for her wetting, and her mind was so busy with the forlorn girl upstairs that she had not a thought to spare on herself. She dined at seven, and strolled out again into the old garden while the glow of the sunset was lingering over it still. A little wind had risen, blowing the white rose-petals over the low hedge and scattering them at her feet. She bent across to gather a spray of the roses that clustered round the lovers' seat; and then her glance rested on a folded paper caught and held by the bushes.

In a moment it was in her hand unfolded, and she stood still to read its contents in the golden evening light. It was a note, written in a handwriting which she knew quite well.

"*Dear Basil:* [it ran] There's only one thing to do: you must give up Susie, and get the parting over as quickly as possible. Old Lawrence's affairs had been in a muddle some time before he died; I wish I had known this sooner, but I was quite misled. I am sorry for the girl, but the match is not to be thought of. I have not a cent to give you, and your mother is closer and stingier with her money than ever. Your affectionate father,

"DERRICK FLETCHER."

A hot flush was burning on Honor's cheeks as she stood there alone, holding the letter from her old lover to his son. It was for this man that she had led a dreary life for years, wasting her youth in a long regret. Worse still, it was for his worthless sake that she had misjudged her father, keeping herself aloof from him in spirit—her father, whose vindication was written in these very lines, after he had passed beyond her reach!

"That lonely girl upstairs is my girl," she said to herself. "I must go and talk to her as only one woman can talk to another. Nothing ought to be concealed between us now that I know so much."

It was almost dusk when Honor came quietly into the bedroom, but there was light on the beautiful young face upon the pillows.

"My dear," began Honor, "I have to tell you something which will surprise you very much. I come to you as a stranger, and yet I know your story from beginning to end. Basil Fletcher's father was once my lover, Susie; and he gave me up because my father would not give him all the money he wanted with me."

"Oh!" sighed Susie, pressing the hand that clasped hers, "do you know that Basil has left me because I am poor?"

"I know everything; I heard what you said to each other in the orchard to-day; I heard him say good-by, and saw him go sneaking off like the coward that he is. And scarcely an hour ago I picked up this letter, written by the father to the son."

She lighted a candle and read the letter aloud; and when she had finished she put it into Susie's hand and kissed her.

"And now, Susie," she said, "I shall ask you to give yourself to me."

"To you?" said the girl, wonderingly. "I am afraid I should be an encumbrance. You see, I am quite poor, and I must get strong and go to work."

"You shall work as hard as you please," Miss Creed replied. "But perhaps you won't mind doing the work that I can give you. There is such a heavy burden pressing on my shoulders that I must get some help from a trusty hand, as I feel yours to be."

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By degrees Susie began to realize what was required of her. Hope was a good tonic, and she was soon well enough to come downstairs, feeling heartily ashamed when good folks lamented her sad accident. Harrison, acting under directions, had packed up her drenched frock and sent it to a famous West End firm: and Susie was told to ask no questions about it. If she wondered what had become of that woe-begone gown, her curiosity was speedily satisfied. It came back from Evans in company with several other gowns, distinctly Parisian in style, and delightfully becoming. Best of all, the things fitted her as well as if they had been turned out by fairies, and she began her new career as Miss Creed's companion.

Ill news is not the only kind of news that flies apace. The Fletchers, father and son, were men who always kept their ears open, and before that eventful summer was over they had heard of the change in Susie's life. But it was not until rather late in autumn that the girl and her first lover met again.

After all, Honor had decided not to sell the house in Regent's Park, and after months of absence it was good to come back to the beautiful old place she loved.

One afternoon, when the last sunshine of the year was gilding the faded trees in the Park, Mr. Fletcher and Basil called together on Miss Creed. The son was slightly nervous; the father, in high feather, felt confident that everything would come right; "old broth was sooner warmed than new broth made"; there was no earthly reason why Susie, with her sweet nature, should shut her ears to the voice of her heart.

They were shown into a charming room where a fire of logs was crackling between the polished fire-dogs on a wide hearth. Warm colors glowed here and there in the shadows; quaint vases were filled with hot-house flowers, and there was an air of quiet luxury in the apartment which Mr. Fletcher thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

"Honor Creed always had plenty of good taste," he muttered into his son's ear. "No bumptious display of wealth here; just the right amount of restraint! For pity's sake, Basil, don't look as if you had come to get a horsewhipping! Hold up your head!"

The door opened; Basil's craven heart gave a pitiful throb, and the two women entered together.

If he had felt sheepish before, the young man was ten times sillier now that he was brought face to face with his lost love. Watchful kindness, change of air and scene, and ease of mind had developed Susie's beauty in a wonderful way. She was so tall, so gracefully clad in soft black silk, and so distinguished a person altogether, that the last spark of pluck in Basil's bosom went out, and he acquitted himself so ignominiously that no girl in her senses could have thought anything of him. Honor, secretly glorying in his discomfiture, met Mr. Fletcher with perfect self-possession.

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She was no longer a grim, regretful woman. A contented mind is a great beautifier even to a spinster of forty-five, and Honor had unconsciously grown quite handsome while she was looking after Susie. Her cheeks had filled out, and her brown eyes had a bright look of peace. There was a little talking; Mr. Fletcher ventured on some sentimental reference to the past, and was met by a baffling smile. Then he said something, in a subdued voice, about his son's deep and unconquerable affection for Miss Lawrence, and this time there was a distinct flash from the brown eyes.

"Susie," said Honor, calmly, "we mustn't forget that Mr. Basil Fletcher dropped a letter when you saw him last. I think it had better be restored to him."

"Here it is," said Susie, holding it out in a firm little white hand. "It had no envelope when Miss Creed picked it up, so she could not help reading it, you see."

As soon as Derrick Fletcher's eyes fell on that luckless letter he knew that the game was over. Basil, pale and shaky, received it with a few inarticulate words, and everybody felt that it was time to put an end to an embarrassing situation.

"Call a hansom? No, sir; certainly not," snapped the elder man when they were fairly outside the house. "It's not at all likely that you'll ever be able to afford anything better than a 'bus. Don't you know you are the biggest fool that walks? Why couldn't you have put my note into the fire instead of dropping it right at the girl's feet?"

"Why couldn't you have let me go my own way?" retorted the other, in a passion. "If it hadn't been for you and your heartless conduct I should have been engaged to her still. You interfere in my life and make a mess of it, and then you throw all the blame on me!"

There was nothing irrational in these remarks; and Mr. Fletcher, tramping along in the gathering dusk, began to be distinctly conscious that he had made a mess of his own life as well as his son's. From first to last he had devoted himself to the worship of Mammon, and had got astonishingly little for his pains. Mrs. Fletcher held the strings of the family purse. It would have been better if he had gone honestly to work, and proved to old Mr. Creed that he was worthy to be trusted with Honor and her fortune.

"But I couldn't have done it," he acknowledged mentally. "It wasn't in me; and he knew that it wasn't. And it isn't in Basil, either, so there's no use in kicking him because I have given him my nature. Getting foggy, isn't it, my boy?" he added aloud. "Keep up your pluck; there are plenty of fish in the sea."—The Temple Magazine.

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Trying to Make a Perfect Book

IT IS said that a Spanish firm of publishers once produced a work in which only one letter got misplaced through accident, and this is believed to have been the nearest approach to perfection that has ever been attained in a book. It is further stated that an English house had made a great effort to the same end, and issued proof-sheets to the universities with an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars if any error was discovered in them, but in spite of this precaution several blunders remained undetected till the work issued from the press.

Two Little Words

By William A. Bozeron

TWO little words that trembled on my tongue,
And still those syllables remain unspoken;
Two souls that Fate in one accord had strung,
Could we the cruel silence but have broken;
Two little words, on which our futures hung,
And yet we parted and betrayed no token.

Two little words, to utter which I'd striven,
But still those syllables remain unspoken.
We'd but to taste the bliss so freely given,
Could we a cruel silence but have broken; [Heaven,
Two words, that might have made this earth a
And yet we parted and betrayed no token.

My vain regret my hours of peace deprives,
For still those syllables remain unspoken;
That joy were ours that *life* from love derives,
Could we the cruel silence but have broken.
Two little words that might have linked two lives,
And yet we parted and betrayed no token.

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A Night Tempest at the Pole

By Constantin Nossiloff

DURING scientific researches in Nova Zembla I had the sensations and experiences of the long Arctic night. It began November 3 and ended January 20. September was pretty comfortable. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyeds, my only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing-boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out-of-doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole twenty-four hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.

If any one went out he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes. In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color it seems impossible to describe. To enjoy the spectacle I used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind. I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the Polar night. Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity. When there came a lull in the storm the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil. Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the twentieth the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died, but all had the look of corpses. Health returned to all with the appearance of the sun.—Le Tour du Monde.

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In a Jungle Storm in Siam

Terrors of the Deluge

PEOPLE who have never been in a jungle talk of the sky as a painter talks of the horizon or a seafaring man of the offing—as if, when you wanted to see it, you only need use your eyes. But in the jungle you don't see the sky; at least, you only see a few scraggy patches of it overhead through the openings in the twigs and leaves.

On the afternoon about which we are speaking, I remember setting forth on my walk in the still glow of the tropical calm, and wondering rather at the intense stillness of the surrounding forest. Then the air grew cooler and the green of the foliage in front seemed to deepen, and presently there was a sound as of a giant waterfall in the distance. Waterfalls do not, however, grow louder every second, whereas the noise in front did so. Then there was a loud, angry growl as of a dozen lions. A minute more and the whole jungle began to roar as if fifty squadrons of heavy cavalry were coming up at a gallop. Then came a drop of rain, and a peal of thunder which seemed to make the world stop.

Then the storm began. The sky above darkened; the trees clattered; the brushwood beneath hissed and bowed itself. A deluge of raindrops blotted out the narrow view. Down it came, soaking through the densest leaves under which one fled for refuge, striking the grass and sand with millions of dull thuds, dashing furiously against the leaves as if they were so many hostile shields, streaking the air with innumerable perpendicular lines and hurling itself down with the force of bullets. In such a downpour one may as well walk and get wet as stand still and get wet. Unfortunately, one did not know where to walk to. The "circumbendibus system" presupposes the fact that the wagon wheels and bullock tracks can be seen and noted, but when the cart track is no longer a cart track, but "all turned to rushing waters," such tracks cannot be seen, and unless you have a compass you may as well try to fly as to find your way back. When one reads of travelers lost in the backwoods, they always steer by the sun, but when there is no sun, what are you to do?

The World's Great Diamond Vault

By the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.

President of the Society of Christian Endeavor

ONE of the most unique places on the earth is Kimberley, in South Africa. There is situated the world's great diamond vault. The exciting thing about the vault is the uncertainty of its contents. No one knows how deep it is, nor how many hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of diamonds it contains. Its length and width, however, have been pretty accurately determined; and twenty-five years of careful prospecting have proved with some degree of certainty that no other such great vault exists in South Africa, and probably in no other part of the world. The diamonds of India and Brazil have paled their ineffectual fires before the *blink Klippe* (bright eyes), as the Dutch Boers call them, at the mines of Kimberley.

It was in the year 1867 that the first "bright eyes" was found on a table in Schalk Van Niekerk's farmhouse, in the Hopetown district of South Africa, south of the Orange River. The man who made the discovery bore the unromantic name of O'Reilly, proclaiming in his very patronymic that a son of the Emerald Isle had found a stone more precious than emeralds. I have said he found it on the farmhouse table, but the children of the house had previously found it in the dry river-bed, and had brought it with other "pretty stones" to the farm, where fortunate O'Reilly, trader and hunter, saw it. This find naturally set others to searching for *blink Klippes*, especially when it became known that a competent authority declared Mr. O'Reilly's stone worth twenty-five hundred dollars at the least. Here and there other "bright eyes" were found. Some children picked a few out of the mud wall of their father's house. The mud of which this wall was made naturally became an object of interest, and more diamonds were found in it. Thus in various ways interest was kept alive.

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A native witch-finder proved to be a diamond-finder as well, for in his possession was discovered a pure brilliant of the first water, weighing eighty-three and a half carats, and sold afterward to the Countess of Dudley for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. For years the witch doctor had used the stone as a charm, and perhaps on this account the possession of the "Star of South Africa" is said to make the present owner more charming and bewitching than ever.

Of course there were not wanting those who "pooh-poohed" the whole idea of diamonds in Kimberley. One of these sapient individuals, a geologist, J. R. Gregory by name, advanced the astounding theory that these diamonds were brought in the crops of ostriches from some far-off and unknown land. Moreover, he proved beyond a peradventure, from the geological character of the district, "which he had lately and very carefully examined," that it was impossible that diamonds had been or ever could be found there. And yet in about a year from the publication of that absolutely convincing statement, on this very ground the greatest diamond mines which the world has ever known were discovered—mines which yield every year more than twenty million dollars' worth of diamonds. This brilliant geologist deserves to rank with the equally brilliant scientific man who demonstrated so conclusively that a ship driven by steam could never cross the Atlantic Ocean, whose treatise, as cruel fate would have it, was carried across the ocean on the very steamships which he demonstrated couldn't go.

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It is of interest to know how the diamond fields look to-day. Imagine one of the most dreary spots on the earth's surface, as it is by nature, not as man has improved it; an immense, wind-swept table-land, more than four thousand feet above the sea-level, parched in summer and occasionally drowned out in winter, an arid desert plain fit for cactus shrubs and prickly pears, and ostriches and goats that can digest pebbles and thorn bushes; a portion of the earth's surface which thirty years ago the boldest prophet would never have ventured to predict could ever support a hundred white men! Here, to-day, you find a thriving city of thirty thousand people, stores, and churches, and schools, tennis-courts and football fields, cycle-tracks and clubhouses, and all the evidences of modern civilization.

The first thing that attracts the attention as you roll into Kimberley on the rails of the very moderate and leisurely Cape Government Railway, are the tall chimneys and shafts and "head-gear" for hoisting the "blue" diamondiferous soil from the vasty depths beneath. But such machinery, housed in ungainly buildings, is common to all mining camps—gold, silver, copper or diamond; and the first real peculiarity of Kimberley is the vast "floors" covered with a grayish blue soil, which stretch for miles along the railway line. These floors are fields, six miles in extent, on which have been dumped the diamondiferous ground. Forty thousand loads a week are laid down on these floors, each load averaging one carat of diamonds, worth almost seven dollars. That great field is a veritable Golconda. In that unpromising-looking dirt are tens of thousands of sparkling gems, worth millions of dollars—diamonds white and lustrous, diamonds yellow, and orange, and perhaps pink, most rare and valuable of all; little diamonds and big diamonds, some of them worth a King's ransom.

Perhaps—who knows?—the biggest and most valuable gem the world has ever seen is glittering under that dull clod yonder. Then why not step over that wire fence which alone keeps you from the floors and help yourself? Not quite so fast, my friend! It is altogether improbable that you would find anything if you did step over into the floor; for diamonds, like some valuable and precious characters that I have known, keep very much out of sight. The diamonds are mostly imbedded in that hard soil which must lie for weeks in the open air before it can be pulverized and washed. A steam harrow, constantly running over it, hastens the process of disintegration; and it is a long, slow, tedious operation to get the jewels out; for—again to moralize for a moment—diamonds, like other things most precious, are not to be had for the asking.

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Moreover, if you should attempt to step over that wire rope more than one pair of keen eyes would be upon you, and probably more than one threatening pistol-barrel would be leveled at your offending head. If by any chance you should find a diamond by the roadside, or should have one given you, the best thing you could do would be to throw it away, though it be the Kohinoor itself; for the one unpardonable sin in Kimberley is to have a rough diamond in your possession if you are not a licensed diamond dealer. Murder, arson, burglary, assault are all trivial crimes on the diamond fields compared with the one sin which has a whole set of initials all to itself—the sin of "I. D. B.," or, to speak less enigmatically, Illicit Diamond Buying.

So we will not step across the wire fence, but go on to that great building where the soil is washed and the gravel sorted. We produce the indispensable pass, the armed sentry lets us within the building, and now we are deafened by the din of machinery that takes the precious soil into its capacious cylinders, and disintegrates it, and shakes it about, and washes it, and then discharges the washed gravel, diamonds and garnets into a very ingenious machine called the pulsator, where, by a constant, throbbing, pulsating motion the diamonds and heavy pebbles are shaken to the bottom, while the light stuff which contains no gems floats off on the top.

In the bottom of the pulsators are wire meshes of different diameters which sort the pebbles into heaps of about the same size. But an untechnical writer need not try to describe complicated machinery to untechnical readers. Let us hasten on to the most interesting room of all. Here, on both sides of long tables, sit fifty men with heaps of the washed gravel before them. Who knows the untold wealth that may lie in those heaps of little wet stones? Each man has a steel knife of a peculiar shape and a tin box, not unlike a child's mite-box, with a slit in the top. With his knife he deftly spreads out the little stones on the table, and his quick eye sees the precious gems, which he picks out and drops into his mite-box.

The superintendent takes off the cover of some of the boxes and lets us look within. See, it is half full of diamonds, the result of the morning's work alone! Here is a man sorting larger gravel, and his tin box contains forty large diamonds! Another by his side is searching in a pile of medium-sized gravel, and he has more smaller ones, while still another has a heap of minute brilliants, not much larger than a pin-head, in his tin box. Again the gravel is sorted over by convicts, who cost the company only a shilling a day; and still more diamonds, overlooked in the first sorting, are rescued by them from the débris before it is cast out on the ever-accumulating mountain of "tailings."

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Now, readers mine, set your guessing wits to work and tell me how many dollars' worth of diamonds have been sorted this morning by the dozen white men and forty convicts behind the tables. Do you give it up? Then I will tell you. No less than sixty thousand dollars' worth! And this is the average find, year in and year out, from Nature's inexhaustible vault at Kimberley. Since these mines were discovered sixty-five millions of carats, valued at four hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars, have been dug out and washed and sorted at these mines. As about five million carats go to a ton, nearly fifteen tons' weight of pure diamonds have been exported, and how many thousands of tons remain to be won no man is wise enough to say; for the bottom of the vault has not been sounded, and the deeper the diggings go the richer they are, as though in Nature's great jewel-box the best diamonds had settled to the bottom, like the plums in a pudding.

The largest diamond of South Africa, however, was not found at Kimberley, but at Jagersfoute, in the Orange Free State. This is said to be "the largest and most valuable diamond in the world." Its gross weight is nine hundred and sixty-nine and a half carats, the color is blue-white, and the quality very fine. "Its value cannot possibly be estimated"; for it must be remembered that though diamonds of ordinary size have a recognized market value of from seven to one hundred dollars per carat, according to fineness, quality, color, etc., when the stone goes above one hundred carats its price is enormously enhanced with each additional carat. The length of this literally priceless jewel is about two and a half inches, its greatest width about two inches, the extreme girth in width five and three-eighths inches, and in length it is about six and three-fourths inches.

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Two more places of great interest we must visit. One is the native compound, where the workmen are kept for three months at a time in a voluntary prison, not allowed to go out or in, or to communicate with their friends. Even the top of the great compound is covered with a wire netting, lest some workman throw out an innocent-looking potato studded with diamonds to a friend beyond the walls. When they are discharged from their three months' servitude they are stripped and searched, and subjected to all sorts of nameless indignities, lest in their clothes or under their skin a brilliant be concealed. On one swarthy-skinned African a suspicious sore was once discovered. The doctor thought he ought to lance the wound, and there found three diamonds!

Thousands of natives are often gathered in a single compound, and they come from all parts of Africa—Kaffirs, Basutos, Bechuanas, Fingoes and half a dozen other tribes. Most of them are "raw heathen," and no better opportunity for missionary work can be imagined than is here found.

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There are the men who blast, and dig, and hoist to daylight the blue ground. They stand at the beginning of the diamond industry, so to speak. At the other end, in the office of the De Beers Company, we find the finished product—the diamonds, sorted and sized and graded, waiting for shipment.

What a fairy-land is this office! Diamonds galore! On every counter heaps of them! Little shining piles of white stones! A million dollars' worth awaiting shipment! A trusted official, employed in the office in examining and valuing the diamonds, shows us about. Here is a big one of two hundred carats, worth twenty dollars a carat. Here is a heap of ten-carat stones. Here is a twin stone; a clean cleft in the middle makes it "twins." A yellow stone is very valuable, but this deep orange is exceedingly rare and worth still more; while this little pink stone of only one-fourth of a carat is of almost untold value, for only three or four pink diamonds have ever been found. These black spots render this heap of stones far less valuable, and their bad "faults" and scars make this pile fit only for drills or for polishing other diamonds. "How many of your diamonds are absolutely perfect?" "Only about eight per cent.," replied our guide, as he carelessly ran his fingers through a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems. How much like human nature! Some black spot, some off color, some flaw, some fault! Alas, how much smaller is the per cent. of men and women than of diamonds that have no defect. The morals of the gem are many and obvious. Like the sorters at Kimberley, let each one pick them out for himself.—The Independent.

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An Experiment with the Memory

STARTING with the word Washington, write down one hundred words just as they occur to you. Let your second word be the one which Washington naturally suggests to you. Possibly it will be capitol. It may be president. Take the word which first comes into your mind. In the same manner let the third word be suggested by the second, the fourth by the third, and so on. Be careful that the third word is not suggested by both the first and second. Drop the first entirely, and let your mind go from the second alone to the third. Having written this list of words, you will have furnished yourself with a cheap but very useful mirror of your mind. If you are able to use this mirror, you may discover some very serious defects in your mental processes. You may discover that you think along certain lines too frequently. You may discover that you are using superficial principles quite too much to the neglect of more important laws of mind. You will be led to avoid certain linkings and to encourage others of a more philosophical nature.

How Nations Chose their Flags

PATRIOTIC COLORS OF ALL LANDS

INDEPENDENCE DAY exhibits an unusual display of bunting, but few people understand the origin of the Stars and Stripes, says the New York Sun. It is said to have originated from the shield or coat-of-arms of Washington. The Washingtons were a Northamptonshire family, and in the early part of the seventeenth century various members of the family lived at the village of Little Brington, about six miles from Northampton. There are tombstones in the parish church of Lawrence and his brother, Robert Washington, the former of whom died in the year 1616. On the tombs are the shield of the family, and the blazon shows stars and stripes. The great-grandfather of the famous President emigrated and settled at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, in the year 1657. Thus there is little doubt that the American flag got its design from the red and white stripes and stars on the shield of Washington, and the "eagle issuant" from his crest. The number of stars in the United States banner represents the different States enjoying the privileges of Statehood.

The Dukes of Marlborough hold Blenheim House on the tenure of presenting to the sovereign annually on the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim a small flag embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and taken from the French on that occasion. The flag is hung in the armory at Windsor, opposite the throne. The Dukes of Wellington hold Strathsfieldshaye House, presented by "a grateful people to the hero of Waterloo," on the tenure of presenting a flag to the sovereign annually on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. This flag is also hung in the armory, opposite the throne.

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Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united under James I the flag carried by the English ships was white, with the red cross of Saint George emblazoned on it, while that hoisted upon Scottish ships was blue, with the cross of Saint Andrew on it, the red lines of the English flag being perpendicular and horizontal, and those of the Scotch flag being diagonal. Owing to some misunderstandings between the ships of the two nations the King ordered "that a new flag should be adopted, having the cross of Saint George interlaced with that of Saint Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry this flag at the mainmast head, and English ships were to display the red cross of Saint George, and Scottish ships that of Saint Andrew, at their sterns. On April 12, in the year 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea, but it was not until the parliamentary union of the two countries, in the year 1707, that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain.

The Saint Patrick cross was added in the year 1801, and the flag now denotes the union of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland and Ireland. The silks from which British flags are made are all woven in Switzerland. All the flags for British ships of war, except the Royal standards, are made in the Government dock yards, and the enormous number required may be judged from the fact that in the color loft at Chatham alone about eighteen thousand flags are made in a year. The English Royal standard is never carried into action, even though the sovereign in person commands the army. This custom dates centuries back.

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An heraldic manuscript of the sixteenth century prescribes that "the Royal standard shall be set before the Kynge's pavillion, or tente, and not be borne in battayle, and to be in length eleven yards." The Royal standard is never hoisted on ships except when Her Majesty is on board, or a member of the Royal family other than the Prince of Wales. When he is on board his own standard is hoisted. It resembles that of the Queen, except that it bears a label of three points, with the arms of Saxony on an escutcheon of pretense. Wherever the sovereign is residing the Royal standard is hoisted, and on Royal anniversaries or state occasions it is hoisted at certain fortresses or stations, home or foreign, as specified in the Queen's regulations, but nowhere else. The Scots adopted a thistle as their badge, owing to its once having saved them and given them the victory over their enemies, the Danes.

It appears that the Danes considered it cowardly to attack an enemy in the dark, but on one occasion they deviated from this rule and crept barefooted toward the Scots. Suddenly one man trod upon a thistle, which made him cry out, and this alarming the Scots caused them to fall on the army of Danes, over whom they gained a complete victory. The Scots now use the thistle, with the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit* ("None touch me with impunity").

Scottish historians trace the Order of the Thistle back to very remote antiquity. It is said that it was instituted by Achaius I in the year 809, on the occasion of that monarch forming an alliance with Charlemagne. He took for his device the thistle. It is also said concerning the introduction that King Hungus, the Piet, had a dream, in which Saint Andrew paid him a midnight visit, and promised him a sure victory over his foes, the Northumbrians. On the following day Saint Andrew's cross (X) appeared in the air, and the Northumbrians were defeated. The last time that it is upon record when the "Fiery Cross" was sent through the Highlands was when the Earl of Mar raised the standard at Castleton of Bremar in the year 1715. His address calling out the clans was dated from Invercauld House.

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The ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, as now emblazoned in the Irish quarter of the Royal standard. Green was never heard of as a national color until the year 1798. The revolutionary Irish leaders, for the purpose of uniting all classes of Irishmen and to join the Orangemen to the rest of their countrymen, adopted the color green, green being produced by the uniting of blue and orange. The Battle of the Standard, fought between the English and Scots in the reign of Stephen, took its name from the remarkable standard taken into action. It was a car upon four wheels, resembling the carroccio of the people of Lombardy. These standard cars are said to have been invented or first used by Eribert, Archbishop of Milan, in the year 1035. It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn by four pairs of oxen. In the centre of the car was fixed a mast, which supported a golden ball, an image of the Saviour, and the banner of the republic. In front of the mast were placed a few of the most valiant warriors, in the rear of it a band of warlike music. Feelings of religion, of military glory, of local attachment, of patriotism, were all associated with the carroccio, the idea of which is supposed to have been derived from the Jewish ark of the covenant. It was from the platform of the car that the priest administered the offices of religion to the army. No disgrace was so intolerable among the free citizens of Lombardy as that entailed by suffering an enemy to take the carroccio. The English standard car presented the mast of a vessel strongly fastened in position. At the top of the mast a large crucifix was displayed, having in the centre a silver box containing the consecrated wafer or sacrament, and lower down the mast was decorated with the banners of the three English saints.

In former times banners were displayed in all church processions; thus Saint Augustine carried a banner with the ensign of a cross before King Ethelbert.

All large monasteries also possessed their special banners, and in the days when ecclesiastics engaged in warfare these were carried before them to battle.

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The banner of the cross was borne by the Crusaders in the East, and was employed by the armies of Ferdinand beneath Granada against the crescent. A nobleman is also said to have carried the banner of Saint William of York, and the English Edwards and Henrys won their victories under the banners of Saint Edward the Confessor and Saint Edmund of Bury. After his winning of the crown on Bosworth Field, Henry, Earl of Richmond, who was thus created Henry VII placed the banner of Saint George in the Cathedral of Saint Paul. The banner of England is composed of three crosses, that of Saint George, the patron saint of England; Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, and that of Saint Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The oriflamme of Saint Denis' Abbey was borrowed by Saint Louis, by Philip le Bel, and Louis le Gros, at the time that they defended France against Germany. The Pope sent consecrated colors to Charlemagne, and to Philip of Spain for his Armada. There are about fifty-four National flags in the world, besides the flags of the various Colonies and parts of Empires, such as the flags of Canada and of Ireland, the flags of Prussia and of the free cities of the German Empire. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung in Saint George's Chapel, and those of the Knights of the Bath in the Chapel of Henry VII at Westminster. The banners of an enemy are suspended in the English churches. There was formerly a religious form for the consecration of banners, and the dignity of "Banneret" was the first among the second order of nobility. The title of Knight Banneret was the highest rank in chivalry, and was usually obtained in consequence of some distinguished exploit in battle. The knight was distinguished by a square banner on his lance, the other knights bearing an indented pennon, and he had the privilege of commanding a separate body in the field, without attaching himself, like others, to the service of a nobleman. The English "trooping of the colors" had a strange origin, for tradition in the brigade of Guards attributes the institution of this parade to William, Duke of Cumberland, Colonel of the Coldstream and afterward of the First Foot Guards, who was scandalized at the unsteadiness of officers scarcely recovered from their midnight potations when they appeared on parade at the then unusual hour of six in the morning. It is said that the Royal Duke devised the manœuvres, which required each officer and non-commissioned officer to march slowly and solitarily in a straight line directly to his post. The least unsteadiness was certain of detection. Although the necessity of this test no longer exists, the parade is carried out in its original form. It has been customary to have the display on the sovereign's birthday since the accession of George I.

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The Danish National flag is a crimson banner bearing a white cross, and is a sacred emblem of victory and triumph to the Danes.

The ancient flag of Denmark was the raven, one of the sacred birds of the famous Odin, and this banner floated on the ships of the old Sea Kings who formerly infested English shores, and was retained as the National emblem until the commencement of the thirteenth century. At this time Waldemar II, the husband of the beautiful and beloved Dagmar, was King of Denmark. On June 22, 1219, a terrible battle was fought at Volmer between the Christian and pagan Danes. The Christians were nearly overcome when Anders Sunneson, the Archbishop, and his holy brethren, ascended a hill overlooking the battle, and, imitating Moses, the Archbishop stretched forth his arms in supplication and prayer to God. While he could hold up his hands the Christians prevailed, but when they dropped from fatigue the pagans had the advantage, so his brethren supported his arms. The banner of the Christians had, however, been lost in the conflict, when a crimson banner, bearing on it a white cross, was seen descending from Heaven, and a voice was heard to say, "When this sign is borne aloft you shall conquer!" The whole Christian host gathered themselves together under the Heaven-descended banner of the cross and, assured of victory, utterly routed their pagan adversaries, who took to flight in abject fear. The Christians then assembled on the field of battle and gave thanks to God for the victory. The King conferred the honor of knighthood on thirty-five of his brave warriors under the banner of the cross, which was then called the "Dannebrog," or the banner of the Danes. The last fragment of this Heaven-descended banner is said to be still preserved in the Treasury of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen. It is, however, merely a part of the staff, richly inlaid and ornamented with gold, and was recovered in the year 1841 by Frederick VI from a person in Kiel, into whose hands it had fallen. The old banner was taken to Kiel in the year 1713 by Frederick IV from Gottorp, to which place the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp had carried it as a spoil of war. He deposited it in the church of Saint Nicolai, and it was hung above the high altar, but at the restoration of the church it was sold, together with other things, as old rubbish, and is supposed to have been burned, with the exception of the piece of the staff. Such, then, is the history of the Royal banner owned by the Princess of Wales as the daughter of the Kings of Denmark.

The French do not appear to know the origin of the tricolor. The most probable theory of its adoption is that the red and blue were borrowed from the ancient badge of Paris, used by the citizens since the year 1358. It is also supposed that the white of the Bourbons was added in deference to the wishes of the Garde Nationale, which was still loyal to the King; still some writers affirm that Louis XVI, himself, with his own hand, made the change, when, at the foot of the staircase of the Hotel-de-Ville, he placed in the white cockade of his hat the ribbon offered him by Bailly. However this may be, some time elapsed before the tricolor became the National flag.

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The flag given by King Humbert to the Italian ironclad, Umberto I, which floats at her masthead, measures nearly ten yards in length and is six and a half yards wide. The silk of which it is made is of Italian manufacture. The sewing and embroidery of the Savoy arms was done by the Industrial Girls' School called "Duchessa di Galliera." An apron is the Royal standard of Persia. This is covered with jewels and borne in the van of Persian armies. It commemorates Gao, a Persian blacksmith, who raised a revolt which was successful. Thus a leather apron covered with jewels still does honor to his memory. The Corean flag is curious and typifies the two elements of creation, namely, the male and the female. This is contrived by the representation of a sort of globe, one half blue and the other red. The flag itself is white, and in addition to the centre ball displays in the corners strange and complicated devices which were invented by a Chinese Emperor some thousands of years ago, whose meaning now is rather guessed at than known.

Wonderland of Science

MODERN DISCOVERIES EPITOMIZED

ASTRONOMERS claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

A PIECE of iron was found in an air passage of the great pyramid which has been there since 3700 B. C.

THE British Museum has no less than seven hundred theological books written concerning the creation of the world.

THE smaller the seeds of plants the more numerous they are. A single plant of spleenwort will produce, it is claimed, over a million seeds.

ALL known chemical elements are represented in sea-water. They are not always capable, however, of being detected by chemical analysis.

THERE are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

TWO-FIFTHS of the entire area of the United States consists of arid land, and upon 616,000,000 acres of this land crops could be raised if water were supplied.

DOCTORS say that there is a small ganglion in the throat that has control of the muscles of that region and acts very much like a true brain in its control of the parts subject to it.

LIEUTENANT BERSIER of the French Navy has invented a compass which does away with a steersman, as the compass steers the vessel itself by operating suitable mechanism.

THE report of the Challenger deep-sea expedition has taken more than ten years to prepare. It fills fifty quartos, contains 29,500 pages, 3000 plates and countless engravings.

VITAL statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are one hundred and nine women to every one hundred men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported eight of the number are men.

ACCORDING to Galton the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable throughout life, but the chance of the finger-prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

THE most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Maine; the most westerly, Attoo Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Florida.

A GERMAN scientist has succeeded in propagating sponges artificially. His first cost was twenty dollars, cost of maintenance was almost nothing, and a crop consisting of four thousand sponges was the result.

HUNGER, says Carroll D. Wright, has caused more men to commit petty crimes than anything else. Of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight homicides in 1890, five thousand one hundred had no trades.

PLANTS often exhibit something very much like intelligence. If a bucket of water during a dry season be placed a few inches from a growing pumpkin or melon vine, the latter will turn from its course and in a day or two will get one of its leaves in the water.

SIR ANDREW CLARK, President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive thirty-two bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia, and make the jaws work for a living.

THERE are a large number of sovereigns now living who have never taken the trouble to be crowned. Among them are the Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, the present and late Kings of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, and the King of Saxony.

SUCH has been the growth of popular opinion in favor of the disposition of the dead by heat that there are now in the country eighteen incorporated cremation societies, and during the past ten years about three thousand cremations have taken place.

M. FRENONT has proved by experiment that water kept for twenty minutes at one hundred seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit loses all the deleterious germs it may have contained without being deprived of its gases or precipitating the salts contained in it, and the flavor is not modified.

OVER fifty kinds of bark are now used in the manufacture of paper. Even banana skins, pea vines, cocoanut fibres, hay, straw, water weeds, leaves, shavings, corn husks and hop plants are used for this purpose. Paper can be made to-day from anything that has a fibre of any measurable height.

TO TELL mushrooms from toadstools, without eating and waiting for results, peel an onion and put it with the fungi while being cooked. If the onion remains white you may eat with confidence; if it turns black eat it not, if you have the slightest desire for life, or want to keep your insurance paid up.

CANDAROLLE says that the "mummy wheat," or wheat taken from mummy cases, has never been known to sprout. Instances to the contrary are believed to be the result of fraud on the part of Arabs, who frequently introduce modern grain into the sarcophagi in order to impose on the credulity of travelers willing to pay for being duped.

The Stratagem of the King

HOW THE FRENCH CAPTAIN WAS DUPED

By Stanley J. Weyman

IN THE days when Henry IV of France was King of Navarre only, and in that little kingdom of hills and woods, which occupies the southwest corner of the larger country, was with difficulty supporting the Huguenot cause against the French Court and the Catholic League—in the days when every isolated castle, from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, was a bone of contention between the young King and the crafty Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis—a conference between these notable personages took place in the picturesque town of La Réole.

La Réole still rises, gray, timeworn and half-ruined, on a lofty cliff above the broad, green waters of the Garonne, forty odd miles from Bordeaux. But it is a small place now. In the days of which we are speaking, however, it was important, strongly fortified, and guarded by a castle which looked down on a thousand red-tiled roofs, rising in a series of terraces from the river below.

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On an evening shortly before the end of the conference two men sat at play in a room, the deep-embrasured window of which looked down from a considerable height upon the river. The hour was late, and the town silent. Outside, the moonlight fell bright and pure on sleeping fields and long, straight lines of poplars. Within the room a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling threw light upon the table, leaving the farther parts of the room in shadow. The walls were hung with faded tapestry. On the low bedstead in one corner lay a handsome cloak, a sword, and one of the clumsy pistols of the period. Across a chair lay another cloak and sword, and on the window-seat, beside a pair of saddle-bags, were strewn half-a-dozen such trifles as soldiers carried from camp to camp—a silver comfit-box, a jeweled dagger, a mask, and a velvet cap.

The faces of the players, as they bent over the dice, were in the shadow. One—a slight, dark man of middle height, with a weak chin, and a mouth as weak, but shaded by a dark mustache—seemed, from the occasional oaths which he let drop, to be losing heavily. Yet his opponent, a stouter and darker man, with a sword-cut across his left temple, and that swaggering air which has at all times marked the professional soldier, showed no signs of triumph or elation. On the contrary, though he kept silence, or spoke only a formal word or two, there was a gleam of anxiety and suppressed excitement in his eyes, and more than once he looked keenly at his companion, as if to judge of his feelings or learn whether the time had come for some experiment which he meditated.

At last the younger player threw down the caster with a groan.

"You have the luck of the evil one," he said, bitterly. "How much is that?"

"Two thousand crowns," replied the other without emotion. "You will play no more?"

"No! I wish to Heaven I had never played at all!" was the answer. As he spoke the loser rose, and, going to the window, stood looking moodily out upon the river.

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For a few moments the elder man remained seated, gazing at him furtively, but at length he, too, rose, and stepping softly to his companion, touched him on the shoulder.

"Your pardon a moment, M. le Vicomte," he said. "Am I right in concluding that the loss of this sum will inconvenience you?"

"A thousand fiends!" exclaimed the young Vicomte, turning wrathfully. "Is there any man whom the loss of two thousand crowns would not inconvenience? As for me——"

"For you," continued the other, smoothly filling up the pause, "shall I be wrong in saying that it means something like ruin?"

"Well, sir, and if it does?" the young man retorted, drawing himself up haughtily, his cheek a shade paler with passion. "Depend upon it you shall be paid. Do not be afraid of that!"

"Gently, gently, my friend," the winner answered, his patience in strong contrast with the other's violence. "I had no intention of insulting you, believe me. Those that play the Vicomte de Lanthenon are not wont to doubt his honor. I spoke only in your own interest. It has occurred to me, Vicomte, that the matter might be arranged at less cost to yourself."

"How?" was the curt question.

"May I speak freely?" The Vicomte shrugged his shoulders, and the other, taking silence for consent, proceeded: "You, Vicomte, are Governor of Lusigny for the King of Navarre; I, of Créance, for the King of France. Our towns lie only three leagues apart. Could I, by any chance, become master of Lusigny, it would be worth more than two thousand crowns to me. Do you understand?"

"No," the young man answered slowly, in an impassive tone, "I do not."

"Think over what I have said, then," was the brief answer.

For a full minute there was silence in the room. The Vicomte gazed out of the window with knitted brows and compressed lips, while his companion, sitting down, leaned back in his chair with an air of affected carelessness. Outside the rattle of arms and hum of voices told that the watch was passing through the street. The church bell struck one. Suddenly the Vicomte burst into a hoarse laugh, and, turning, snatched up his cloak and sword. "The trap was very well laid, M. le Capitaine," he said, almost jovially, "but I am still sober enough to take care of myself—and of Lusigny. I wish you good-night. You shall have your money, never fear."

"Still, I am afraid it will cost you dearly," the Captain answered, as he rose and moved toward the door to open it for his guest. His hand was already on the latch when he paused. "Look here," he said, "what do you say to this, then? I will stake the two thousand crowns you have lost to me, and another thousand besides, against your town. Fool! no one can hear us. If you win, you go off a free man with my thousand. If you lose, you put me in possession one of these fine nights. What do you say to that? A single throw to decide the question."

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The young man's pale face reddened. He turned, and his eyes sought the table and the dice irresolutely. The temptation, indeed, came at an unfortunate moment, when the excitement of play had given way to depression, and he saw nothing before him outside the door, on which his hand was laid, but the cold reality of ruin. The temptation to return, and by a single throw set himself right with the world, was too much for him. Slowly he came back to the table. "Confound you!" he said irritably. "I think you are the evil one himself, Captain."

"Don't talk child's talk," said the other, coldly, drawing back as his victim advanced. "If you do not like the offer you need not take it."

But the young man's fingers had already closed on the dice. Picking them up he dropped them once, twice, thrice on the table, his eyes gleaming with the play-fever. "If I win?" he said doubtfully.

"You carry away a thousand crowns," answered the Captain quietly. "If you lose, you contrive to leave one of the gates of Lusigny open for me before next full moon. That is all."

"And what if I lose, and do not pay the forfeit?" asked the Vicomte, laughing weakly.

"I trust to your honor," said the Captain. And, strange as it may seem, he knew his man. The young noble of the day might betray his cause and his trust, but the debt of honor incurred at play was binding on him.

"Well," said the Vicomte, "I agree. Who is to throw first?"

"As you will," replied the Captain, masking under an appearance of indifference a real excitement, which darkened his cheek and caused the pulse in the old wound on his face to beat furiously.

"Then, do you go first," said the Vicomte.

"With your permission," assented the Captain. And taking the dice up in the caster he shook them with a practiced hand and dropped them on the board. The throw was seven.

The Vicomte took up the caster, and, as he tossed the dice into it, glanced at the window. The moonlight shining athwart it fell in silvery sheen on a few feet of the floor. With the light, something of the silence and coolness of the night entered also, and appealed to him. For a few seconds he hesitated. He even made as if he would replace the box on the table. But the good instinct failed. It was too late, and with a muttered word, which his dry lips refused to articulate, he threw the dice. Seven!

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Neither of the men spoke, but the Captain rattled the cubes, and again flung them on the table, this time with a slight air of bravado. They rolled one over the other and lay still. Seven again.

The young Vicomte's brow was damp, and his face pale and drawn. He forced a quavering laugh, and with an unsteady hand took his turn. The dice fell far apart, and lay where they fell. Six!

The winner nodded gravely. "The luck is still with me," he said, keeping his eyes on the table that the light of triumph which had suddenly leaped into them might not be seen. "When do you go back to your command, Vicomte?"

The unhappy man stood like one stunned, gazing at the two little cubes which had cost him so dearly. "The day after to-morrow," he muttered, striving to collect himself.

"Then we shall say the following evening?" asked the Captain.

"Very well."

"We quite understand one another," continued the winner, eyeing his man watchfully, and speaking with more urgency. "I may depend on you, M. le Vicomte?"

"The Lanthenons have never been wanting to their word," the young nobleman answered, stung into sudden haughtiness. "If I live, I will put Lusigny into your hands, M. le Capitaine. Afterward I will do my best to recover it—in another way."

"I shall be entirely at your disposal," replied the Captain, bowing lightly. And in a moment he was alone—alone with his triumph, his ambition, his hopes for the future—alone with the greatness to which his capture of Lusigny was to be the first step, and which he should enjoy not a whit the less because as yet fortune had dealt out to him more blows than caresses, and he was still, at forty, after a score of years of roughest service, the governor of a paltry country town.

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Meanwhile, in the darkness of narrow streets, the Vicomte was making his way to his lodgings in a state of despair and unhappiness most difficult to describe. Chilled, sobered and affrighted he looked back and saw how he had thrown for all and lost all, how he had saved the dregs of his fortune at the expense of his loyalty, how he had seen a way of escape and lost it forever!

Worn out and exhausted, he entered his lodgings, and, securing the door behind him, stumbled up the stone stairs and entered his room. The impulse to confide his misfortunes to some one was so strong upon him that he was glad to see a dark form half sitting, half lying, in a chair before the dying embers of a wood fire. In those days a man's natural confidant was his valet; the follower, half-friend, half-servant, who had been born on his estate, who lay on a pallet at the foot of his bed, who carried his billets-doux and held his cloak at the duello, who rode near his stirrup in fight and nursed him in illness, who advised him in the choice of a wife, and lied in support of his suit.

The young Vicomte flung his cloak over a chair. "Get up, you rascal!" he cried, impatiently. "You pig, you dog!" he continued, with increasing anger. "Sleeping there as though your master were not ruined by that scoundrel of a Breton! Bah!" he added, gazing bitterly at his follower, "you are of the *canaille*, and have neither honor to lose nor a town to betray!"

The sleeping man moved in his chair and half turned. The Vicomte, his patience exhausted, snatched his bonnet from his head, and threw it on the ground. "Will you listen?" he said. "Or go, if you choose, look for another master. I am ruined! Do you hear? Ruined, Gil! I have lost all—money, land, Lusigny itself, at the dice!"

The man, aroused at last, stooped with a lazy movement, and, picking up his hat, dusted it with his hand, and rose with a yawn to his feet.

"I am afraid, Vicomte," he said, his tones, quiet as they were, sounding like thunder in the Vicomte's astonished ears, "I am afraid that if you have lost Lusigny, you have lost something that was not yours to lose!"

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As he spoke he struck the embers with his foot, and the fire, blazing up, shone on his face. The Vicomte saw, with unutterable confusion and dismay, that the man before him was not Gil at all, but the last person in the world to whom he should have betrayed himself. The astute, smiling eyes, the aquiline nose, the high forehead and projecting chin, which the short beard and mustache scarcely concealed, were only too well known to him. He stepped back with a cry of horror. "Sire!" he said, and then his tongue failed him. He stood silent pale, convicted, his chin on his breast. The man to whom he had confessed his treachery was the master whom he had conspired to betray.

"I had suspected something of this," Henry of Navarre continued, after a pause, a tinge of irony in his tone. "Rosny told me that that old fox, the Captain of Créance, was affecting your company a good deal, M. le Vicomte, and I find that, as usual, his suspicions were well founded. What with a gentleman, who shall be nameless, who has bartered a ford and a castle for the favor of Mlle. de Luynes, and yourself, I am blest with some faithful followers! For shame!" he continued, seating himself with dignity. "Have you nothing to say for yourself?"

The young noble stood with his head bowed, his face white. This was ruin, indeed, absolutely irremediable. "Sire," he said at last, "Your Majesty has a right to my life, not to my honor."

"Your honor!" quoth Henry, with biting contempt.

The young man started, and for a second his cheek flamed under the well-deserved reproach; but he recovered himself. "My debt to Your Majesty," he said, "I am willing to pay."

"Since pay you must," Henry muttered softly.

"But I claim to pay also my debt to the Captain of Créance."

"Oh," the king answered. "So you would have me take your worthless life, and give up Lusigny?"

"I am in your hands, sire."

"Pish, sir!" Henry replied in angry astonishment. "You talk like a child. Such an offer, M. de Lanthenon, is folly, and you know it. Now, listen to me. It was lucky for you that I came in to-night, intending to question you. Your madness is known to me only, and I am willing to overlook it. Do you hear? Cheer up, therefore, and be a man. You are young; I forgive you. This shall be between you and me only," the young prince continued, his eyes softening as the other's head drooped, "and you need think no more of it until the day when I shall say to you, 'Now, M. de Lanthenon, for France and for Henry, strike!'"

He rose as the last word passed his lips and held out his hand. The Vicomte fell on one knee, and kissed it reverently, then sprang to his feet again. "Sire," he said, standing erect, his eyes shining, "you have punished me heavily, more heavily than was needful. There is only one way in which I can show my gratitude, and that is by ridding you of a servant who can never again look your enemies in the face."

"What new folly is this?" said Henry sternly. "Do you not understand that I have forgiven you?"

"Therefore, I cannot give up Lusigny, and I must acquit myself of my debt to the Captain of Créance in the only way which remains," replied the young man, firmly. "Death is not so hard that I would not meet it thrice over rather than again betray my trust."

"This is midsummer madness," said the King hotly.

"Possibly," replied the Vicomte, without emotion; "yet of a kind to which Your Majesty is not altogether a stranger."

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The words appealed strongly to that love of the chivalrous which formed part of the King's nature, and was one cause alike of his weakness and his strength, which, in its more extravagant flights, gave opportunity after opportunity to his enemies; in its nobler and saner expressions, won victories which all his astuteness and diplomacy could not have compassed. He stood looking with half-hidden admiration at the man whom two minutes before he had despised.

"I think you are in jest," he said.

"No, sire," the young man answered gravely. "In my country they have a proverb about us. 'The Lanthenons,' say they, 'have ever been bad players, but good payers.' I will not be the first to be worse than my name."

He spoke with so quiet a determination that the King was staggered, and for a minute or two he paced the room in silence, inwardly reviling the generous obstinacy of his weak-kneed supporter, yet unable to withhold his admiration from it. At length he stopped, with a low, abrupt exclamation.

"Wait!" he cried. "I have it! *Ventre Saint Gris*, man, I have it!" His eyes sparkled, and with a gentle laugh he hit the table a sounding blow. "Ha! ha! I have it!" he repeated joyously.

The young noble gazed at him in surprise, half sullen, half incredulous. But when Henry, in low, rapid tones, had expounded his plan, the Vicomte's face underwent a change. Hope and life sprang into it. The blood flew to his cheeks. His whole aspect softened. In a moment he was on his knee, mumbling the King's hand, his eyes full of joy and gratitude. After that the two talked long, the murmur of their voices broken more than once by the ripple of laughter.

When they, at length, separated, and Henry, his face hidden by the folds of his cloak, had stolen away to his lodgings, the Vicomte threw open his window and looked out on the night. The moon had set, but the stars still shone peacefully in the dark canopy above. He remembered on a sudden, his throat choking with silent, repressed emotion, that he was looking toward his home—the stiff, gray pile among the beech woods of Navarre, which had been in his family since the days of Saint Louis, and which he had so lightly risked. And he registered a vow in his heart that of all Henry's servants he would henceforth be among the most faithful.

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Meanwhile, the Captain of Créance was enjoying the sweets of coming triumph. He did not look out into the night, it is true, but, pacing up and down the room, he planned and calculated, considering how he might make the most of his success. At the same time he knew that he could be sure of nothing until Lusigny was actually his, and he spent the next few days in considerable suspense. But no hitch occurred. The Vicomte made the necessary communications to him; and men in his own pay informed him of dispositions ordered by the Governor of Lusigny which left him in no doubt that the loser intended to pay his debt.

It was, therefore, with a heart already gay with anticipation that the Captain rode out of Créance two hours before midnight on an evening eight days later. The night was dark, but he knew the road well. He had with him a powerful force, composed in part with thirty of his own garrison, bold, hardy fellows, and in part of sixscore horsemen, lent him by the Governor of Montauban. As the Vicomte had undertaken to withdraw, under some pretense or other, one-half of his command, and to have one of the gates opened by a trusty hand, the Captain trotted along in excellent spirits, and stopped to scan with approval the dark line of his troopers as they plodded past him, the jingle of their swords and corselets ringing sweet music in

his ears. He looked for an easy victory; but it was not any slight misadventure that would rob him of his prey. As his company wound on by the riverside, their accoutrements reflected in the stream, or passed into the black shadow of the olive grove which stands a mile east of Lusigny, he felt little doubt of the success of his enterprise—that is, if there were no treachery.

The troopers had scarcely halted under the last clump of trees before a figure detached itself from one of the largest trunks and advanced to their leader's rein. The Captain saw with surprise that it was the Vicomte himself. For a second he thought something had gone wrong, but the young noble's first words reassured him that all was well.

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"It is all right," M. de Lanthenon whispered, as the Captain bent down to him. "I have kept my word, and I think that there will be no resistance. The planks for crossing the moat lie opposite the gate. Knock thrice at the latter, and it will be opened. There are not fifty armed men in the place."

"Good!" the Captain answered, in the same cautious tone. "But you——"

"I am believed to be elsewhere, and must be gone. I have far to ride to-night. Farewell!"

"Till we meet again," the Captain answered, and with that his ally glided away and was lost in the darkness. A moment of suspense, while one and another shivered—for there is that in a night attack which touches the nerves of the stoutest—and the planks were found, and as quietly as possible laid across the moat. This was so successfully done that it evoked no challenge, and the Captain, crossing quickly with some picked men, stood almost in the twinkling of an eye under the shadow of the gateway. Still no sound was heard save the hurried breathing of those at his elbow or the stealthy tread of others crossing. Cautiously he knocked three times and waited. The third rap had scarcely sounded before the gate rolled silently open, and he sprang in, followed by his men.

So far, so good. A glance at the empty street and the porter's pale face told him at once that the Vicomte had kept his word. But he was too old a soldier to take anything for granted, and forming up his men as quickly as they entered, he allowed no one to advance until all were inside, and then, his trumpet sounding a wild note of defiance, his force sprang forward in two compact bodies, and in a moment the town awoke to find itself in the hands of the enemy.

As the Vicomte had promised, there was no resistance. In the small keep a score of men did, indeed, run to arms, but only to lay them down without striking a blow when they became aware of the force opposed to them. Their leader, sullenly acquiescing, gave up his sword and the keys of the town to the victorious Captain, who, as he sat his horse in the middle of the market-place, giving his orders and sending off riders with the news, already saw himself in fancy Governor of a Province and Knight of the Holy Ghost. To his lucky hazard with the dice and the shrewd bargain he had made with the callow Governor of Lusigny he owed his great step in the direction of the attainment of his ambition. Would he ever realize that ambition? Yea, day and night he must plan for it, work for it, live for it, make it his only thought.

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As the red light of the torches fell on steel caps and polished hauberks, on the serried ranks of pikemen, and the circle of white-faced townsmen, the picturesque old square looked doubly picturesque. Every five minutes, with a clatter of iron on the rough pavement and a shower of sparks, a horseman sprang away to tell the news in other towns.

Suddenly the low murmur of voices was broken by a new sound, the hurried clang of hoofs, not departing, but arriving. There was something in the noise that made the Captain prick his ears, and secured for the messenger a speedy passage through the crowd. Even at the last the man did not spare his horse, but spurring to the Captain's side, then, and then only, sprang to the ground. His face was pale, his eyes were bloodshot. His right arm was bound up in blood-stained cloths. With an oath of amazement, the Captain recognized the officer whom he had left in charge of Créance, and thundered out, "What is it?"

"They have got Créance!" the man gasped, reeling. "They have got Créance!"

"Who?" the Captain shrieked, his face purple with rage.

"The little man of Béarn! He assaulted it five hundred strong an hour after you left, and had the gate down before we could fire a dozen shots. We did what we could, but we were but one to seven."

Almost black in the face, the Captain swore another frightful oath. It was not only that he saw governorship and honors vanish like will-o'-the-wisps, but that he saw even more quickly that he had made himself the laughing-stock of a kingdom! And he had. To this day, among the stories which the southern French love to tell of the prowess and astuteness of the great Henry, there is none more frequently told, or more frequently laughed over, than that of the famous exchange of Créance for Lusigny.—From The King's Stratagem, and Other Stories. By Stanley Weyman. (Published by Platt, Bruce & Co.)

Dining with Queen Victoria

ROYAL ETIQUETTE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

By William Elroy Curtis

THOSE persons who have the honor to dine with Queen Victoria receive a note which reads something like this:

"The lord steward is commanded by Her Imperial Majesty to invite Mr. —— to dine at Windsor Castle on Saturday the twenty-seventh of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, at 9 o'clock P. M., and to remain the night."

Inclosed with the invitation, which is written with a pen in old-fashioned script upon a large card, is a smaller card, which reads:

"Paddington Station, 5:10 P. M. Please hand this to the guard."

It is customary and necessary to respond at once to an invitation from the Queen, and all other engagements must be canceled. Nothing but serious illness is considered a sufficient reason for declining to obey her commands, and they are not issued to sick persons. Before the lord steward sends out one of these invitations he takes care to ascertain whether the person to whom it is addressed is in England and able to accept. The proper form for acceptance is:

"Mr. —— accepts with great pleasure the invitation of Her Imperial Majesty to dine at Windsor Castle at nine o'clock on the evening of November twenty-seventh."

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Upon arriving at Paddington Station at five o'clock on the afternoon of the dinner the guest presents his card to the station-master or one of the guards, and is escorted to a special car bearing the Royal coat-of-arms and furnished with unusual luxuriance. Sometimes, when there are a number of guests, there is a special train. Gentlemen are accompanied by valets and ladies by maids, and the servants have their own apartment in the car. The ride to Windsor on the quickest trains occupies forty minutes, and usually an hour. The distance is twenty-four miles. Upon arriving there the guests find a number of footmen and other servants. One footman is told off for each guest, takes charge of his luggage, escorts him to his carriage and looks after him, or her, if it is a lady, until he or she is safely aboard the train for London the next morning. The entire party travels deadhead, and the expense is charged to the Minister of the Household.

The lord steward receives the guests as they reach the castle and directs them to their apartments, which include a sitting-room, a bedroom, a dressing-room and a bath. When the guest is a lady there is always a maid in attendance. It is not considered proper to leave the rooms until called for, and the guests amuse themselves the best they can. Her Majesty is the soul of punctuality. She keeps her appointments on the dot and expects her subjects to do the same. If a guest is ever late, he or she is sentenced to perpetual banishment from the Royal presence. No matter what his rank or influence, he never receives another invitation to the castle, and, therefore, the attendants are in the habit of admonishing guests as to the necessity of being dressed in time. They have fully two hours and a half after their arrival, and have no excuse for tardiness on the score of time.

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Precisely at a quarter before nine a lady-in-waiting calls at the apartments of each lady guest, and a gentleman-in-waiting at those of a gentleman guest, to escort them to the reception-room and present them to each other. Each gentleman is informed by his escort whom he is to have the pleasure of taking to the table, and is properly introduced. He is also shown on a diagram the seat he is to occupy at the table. After these preliminaries are over the portières that hide the second reception-room are thrown back to disclose the lord steward, in full court dress, with his gorgeous staff of officers, standing beside a stout, red-faced little woman, who sits on the edge of a great gilt chair. By her side are usually two or three Princesses and maids-of-honor, and often one or more of her sons or sons-in-law. The guests then form a procession in the order of their rank and pass before Her Majesty, who offers her hand to them and murmurs a few pleasant words. Loyal subjects always kiss the seams upon the back of her white glove, but she does not like to have Americans do so, because she knows that this ancient custom is not in vogue in our country. Therefore, when she withholds her hand from an American guest it is an act of courtesy rather than a slight. Americans are usually informed in advance by their attendants of this peculiarity and are prepared for it.

There is no time for conversation. Only a few words are exchanged. Her Majesty usually asks Americans about the health of the President and his wife, and expresses her interest in their welfare. If there has been a notable incident or event in the United States she may allude to it, for she keeps well informed concerning current events. Sometimes she invites a guest to take a seat beside her, which is a mark of unusual distinction that was conferred upon Mrs. Grant when she and the General were visiting Windsor some years ago, and upon Mrs. John Hay, wife of the American Ambassador, during the jubilee ceremonies last spring.

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When those in the party have all passed in review they proceed in the same order to the dining-room, and each stands beside his chair until the Queen enters on the arm of one of her sons or sons-in-law, or in their absence on the arm of a maid-of-honor. She is always dressed in black or gray. If in black, she wears white gloves. If in gray, black gloves. She carries an ebony, gold-headed cane. Usually two East Indian servants, in brilliant native costume, follow her and wait upon her at the table. Before Her Majesty takes her seat one of the Court chaplains says grace. She never sits with her guests, but has a small round table at the end of the room near the door, and seldom has more than one companion, who may be one of her daughters or the senior maid-of-honor, or lady-in-waiting. This is due to Her Majesty's feeble health. She cannot sit through a long dinner and quietly slips out before the guests have half finished. Nor does she take the food that is served to them. A few plain and simple dishes are provided for her repast—soup, fish, roast beef or mutton, with a salad and sweets. At the main table a long French dinner is served of ten courses. There is a waiter for every two persons, and they move with military precision. Their livery is a scarlet dress-coat with brass buttons, trimmed with gold lace, blue velvet short trousers, with gold braid along the seams, white silk stockings and patent-leather shoes, with gold buckles. The guests are in court dress, and the gowns of the ladies must be cut in a certain way. American gentlemen and other commoners must wear black swallow-tail coats, white silk low-cut vests, knee breeches, black silk stockings and patent-leather pumps. No exception to this rule is allowed.

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The table service is gold plate purchased by George IV at a cost of several millions of dollars. It is large enough to dine one hundred and twenty persons, but more than forty are seldom invited. It is said that the gold and silver plate in Windsor Castle is worth at least $10,000,000. Great chests of it are never used. This belongs to the Government. The furnishings at Balmoral and Osborne palaces belong to the Queen's private estate. Among the decorations that invariably appear upon the table at state dinners are two immense flagons of gold, set with precious stones, that were captured from the Spanish Armada at the time of Queen Elizabeth, and a famous wine cooler that was presented to George IV, and is said to have cost $35,000, often occupies the centre of the table. A peacock made of gold and precious stones is a favorite of the Queen. It was made in India and presented to her on the occasion of her fiftieth anniversary. Another of her favorite ornaments is a tiger's head of gold with immense rubies for eyes and diamonds for teeth. It also came from India and was a jubilee gift.

If Her Majesty is feeling well the guests find her in the drawing-room when they retire from the table, and there is usually a program of music for their entertainment, which she thoroughly enjoys. Sometimes she asks a guest to sit at her side, and I know a pretty American girl whose hand she held in her own in an affectionate way for half an hour one evening, and whom she kissed on both cheeks as she retired at the close of the evening.

"I hope to see you again, my dear," said the Queen of England and Empress of India. "I shall send for you to spend a day with me very soon, and want you all to myself," and sure enough she did, and the young Yankee damsel was not only with the Queen all day, but drove with her in the park and slept that night in a room adjoining the Imperial bedchamber. The Royal treatment of this young lady emphasizes the fact that, of late, Her Majesty has been particularly gracious to other American girls. This kindliness of manner was especially noticed in the case of Consuelo Vanderbilt. When, after her marriage, she was presented as the Duchess of Marlborough to the Queen, some of the English papers laid stress upon the long time and cordial way Her Majesty continued in conversation with the new bride, to the exclusion and poorly repressed chagrin of other notabilities present, who thought the American girl was getting more than her share of the Royal attention. When the Queen retires for the night the party breaks up.—Chicago Record.

If I Could Choose

By May Riley Smith

I WOULD not dare, though it were offered me,
To plan my lot for but a single day,
So sure am I that all my life would be
Marked with a blot in token of my sway.

But were it granted me this day to choose
One shining bead from the world's jeweled string,
Favor and fortune I would quick refuse
To grasp a richer and more costly thing.

With this brave talisman upon my breast,
I could be ruler of my rebel soul;
To own this gem is to command the rest;
It is the Kohinoor called Self-Control!

It is the sesame to broad estates,
To peaceful slopes and mountains blue and fair;
Calm-browed Content beyond its border waits,
And even Love sits in the sunshine there.

No sullen faces frown upon the street,
No grated windows, no grim prison walls;
No clanking chains are bound on convict's feet,
And on the ear no angry discord falls.

My life's swift river widens to the sea,
The careless babble of the brook is past;
A few late roses blossom still for me,
But spring is gone, and summer cannot last.

Had I begun with morning's rosy strength
To seek the flower that on life's summit grows,
I might have found my edelweiss at length,
And on the purple heights have gained repose.

But I have loitered, and the hour is late:
Worn are my feet and weary is my hand;
I can but push ajar the massive gate;
I can but look into the Beulah Land.

But, friends, if my poor love could have its way,
And blossom into blessing on each soul,
This is the very prayer that I should pray:
"Grant to men's lives the power of self-control."

—Collected Poems.

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John W. Mackay's Grasshopper

JOHN W. MACKAY, the mining millionaire, has in his employ at Carson, Nevada, an expert named Maurice Hoeflich, who always offers to back his opinion by betting. This, says a writer in The Million, annoys Mr. Mackay, who does not like to be disputed, and is further fretted by the fact that Hoeflich usually proves to be in the right.

One day Hoeflich was playing with an enormous grasshopper. It could jump over twenty feet, and he said: "I'll ped you fifty dollars, Mr. Mackay, dot you can't find a hopper to peat him." Mackay sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant. The man spent nearly a week catching hoppers, and reported that the best gait any of them made was seventeen feet. He doubted if a bigger jumper could be found anywhere.

The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers, and Mackay gave them quarters in his rooms as Vanderbilt would stable his stud. Each had a cigar-box to himself, and every morning they were taken out and put through their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over eighteen feet. Mackay was in despair; but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table and immediately jumped thirty feet.

Next day Mackay announced to Hoeflich that he was ready for the match. The expert came an hour before the time with his pet hopper. Not finding Mackay in, he noticed the bottle of ammonia. A light broke upon him. Grabbing the bottle he rushed to a drug store, threw away the ammonia, and ordered it to be filled with chloroform.

Mackay soon arrived with half a dozen mining superintendents, whom he invited to see him have some fun with Hoeflich. They were hardly seated when Hoeflich came in with the hopper in a cigar-box under his arm. "I vas a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I'm here mid der hopper and der coin." He laid down the money, which was covered promptly. Mackay got behind somebody and let his hopper sniff at the ammonia bottle, which held Hoeflich's chloroform. Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the piazza, and at the word "Go" each one was touched on the back with a straw. Hoeflich's entry scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of some four inches, and, folding his legs, fell fast asleep, and lost the bet.

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When Brides Did Not Wear White

THE months of May and June are known throughout the world as those in which more marriages take place than in any others. It is interesting, therefore, to note that the choice of white for wedding dresses is comparatively a modern fashion. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in most Eastern countries pink is the bridal color. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance brides wore pure crimson. It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis I of France, in 1558—which took place, not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame—she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length. This innovation caused quite a stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until near the end of the seventeenth century that pure white—the color hitherto worn by Royal French widows—became popular for bridal garments in this and other countries.

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The Future British Empire

IN THE January number of the Contemporary Review there is a striking article in which the well-known historian, Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, deduces the lessons which the fall of the Roman Empire has for Englishmen. There is no doubt, says an editorial in The New York Sun, that there are points of likeness between the British and the Roman Empires, and some observers have thought that they can trace in the present condition of the United Kingdom the same indications of decay that in the fourth century of our era foretold the doom of Rome.

Mr. Hodgkin enumerates five principal causes of the downfall of the Roman Empire in the West. Among these there are two which clearly are not operative in England, namely, the fact that the Imperial diadem was in the gift of the soldiery and that Roman civilization was built upon human slavery. It is otherwise with three agencies, which, taken by themselves, would have brought about the ruin of Rome, and which either are, or threaten to become, active in the British Empire. Mr. Hodgkin reminds us that, in the days of Roman glory, Italy grew sufficient grain to feed itself, and the same thing could be said of Great Britain during the wars against Napoleon. But it turned out presently that grain could be imported from Egypt or North Africa more cheaply than it could be grown in Italy. The resultant deluge of cheap grain meant destruction to the Italian agriculturist. The petty farmers of Italy rapidly disappeared and arable land was turned into pasture. We are witnessing an analogous change in England to-day. It is cheaper for her to import grain from beyond the ocean than to grow it on her own soil; consequently the demand for farming land is decreasing, the prices of such land are falling, and the area of land under the plough is dwindling. In the disappearance of her peasantry England is bound to suffer, as Rome suffered to her decline, a loss which the agglomeration of workmen in manufacturing towns will by no means make good as time advances.

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Mr. Hodgkin finds another and a capital source of the disintegration of the Roman Empire in the financial oppression to which the middle classes were subjected. By the close of the fourth century after Christ it had become almost dangerous to be skillful, industrious, and thrifty, for the possessor of such qualities was exposed to extra exactions on the part of the tax-gatherer. The State had tended more and more to become a crowned socialism. The tacit compact between Cæsar and the mob meant ruin for all the intervening classes, for upon these fell the whole weight of taxation, which became crushing as the years rolled on. It would be easy to prove, by a review of British legislation during the present century, that socialistic tendencies are gathering head in England. The disposition to concentrate all the burdens of organized society upon those who have been successful in the struggle for life—that is to say, on those who have the ability and the willingness to work and to save—is exhibited in the income tax, in death duties, in the methods of adjusting poor rates and other rates, in the Compensation for Accidents bill, which lately became a law, and in the old-age pension project, which will be presently submitted to Parliament. If such principles of taxation are carried to their logical conclusion, we may expect to witness in the United Kingdom the same discouragement and discontinuance of productive energy and fruitful economy which brought about the collapse, first, of Roman industry, and then of Roman dominion in Western Europe.

A third cause of the fall of Rome was the recruitment of her armies among barbarians. It had always been the policy of the Roman Republic to lean on its allies to a considerable extent in war, but in the great days of the Roman State, there was always in the legions a nucleus of disciplined Italian peasants around whom the auxiliary troops could cluster. In the fourth century of our era the Italian peasant had vanished and the allies made up the mass of the army. Now England, likewise, has been long accustomed to employ the soldiers of other nations, nay, of other races, in her armies. In the wars of the last century she employed Germans and Indians; now she employs negroes in the West Indies and West Africa; Egyptians and Soudanese on the Nile; the Ghoorkas, Sikhs, Bengalese, and other Indian races in Asia. If these auxiliaries are to be useful and not dangerous, it is essential that there should be a continuous rivalry between the British and the native soldiers; that they should share hardships and dangers. Mr. Hodgkin foresees that, should the day come when Englishmen think that they may sit at home at ease, leaving Asiatics and Africans to do the fighting for them and take all the hard knocks, they will lose their world-wide Empire with all its prestige.

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Mr. Hodgkin thinks he can descry a bright side, as well as a dark side, of the picture, and he tries to find some ground of reassurance and of hope in the English National character, in its love of fair play, and in its other distinguishing traits of patience, truthfulness, and courage. He recognizes, however, that these traits may fade and disappear; that the character of a nation, like that of an individual, may change, and that there are many influences at work which may tend to enervate and degrade Englishmen, to destroy their love of truth, and to poison the fountains of their family life. He points out that every civilized race that comes into contact with barbarism—and no race, not even the Roman, has had more of such contact than the English—is in danger of losing its moral balance, owing to the ease with which it can push the barbarian out of its path. The loss of moral balance may be seen in the frenzied selfishness which used to mark the treatment of the natives of India by too many of the agents of the British East India Company, and which even now seems to attack some Englishmen in their dealings with the natives of South Africa.

Unless such corroding influences can be successfully resisted, and the fibre of the National character kept undissolved, even Mr. Hodgkin, who is inclined to optimistic conclusions, would admit that the downfall of the British Empire cannot be long averted.

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How We Deceive Ourselves

THE tendency to make our own tastes the standards and our own characters the normal types of soundness and strength, says The Outlook, is both general and deep. Most of us are probably unaware of the extent to which we unconsciously flatter ourselves by giving prominence to our particular way of meeting events and dealing with them. Absolute honesty with ourselves is a very rare virtue; most of us shield ourselves from clear, uncompromising, relentless truth. It is sometimes both pathetic and amusing to hear the entirely unconscious expressions of conceit which come from the lips of those who have no thought of betraying their own self-satisfaction. This vein of conceit runs, as a rule, through all our comment upon other people; as we sagely reflect on their habits and characteristics, we continually pay inferential compliments to ourselves.

If we say of a neighbor that he has wonderful tact and skill in dealing with people, that he avoids collisions and secures his ends by pervading friendliness and courtesy, we are quite likely to add, "I can't do things that way. I have to speak out and let people know precisely what I think"; the inference being, of course, that there is a kind of heroic truthfulness in us which our neighbor lacks. It is suggestive to note that the man who lays this particular balm to his heart is very often the kind of man who is always stirring up useless and foolish animosity by lack of courtesy and consideration. The man who delights to call himself plain and blunt is often called by his neighbors discourteous and rude; and his neighbors are very often sound in their judgment.

Possession of tact does not imply the faintest touch of insincerity, and the man who "always speaks his mind" is often very offensive, without possessing any superior sense of truthfulness. A very emotional person is likely to credit herself with unusual sensitiveness, when she may be conspicuously lacking in that somewhat unusual quality; and a very calm person is prone to speak of her feelings as quiet but deep. Thus we fall into the habit of flattering ourselves at the expense of those who differ from us, and we need to set a watch upon ourselves. A trained ear will detect a false note in the voice; a clear intelligence protect us even from unconscious conceit.

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The Great Area of Alaska

THE area of the United States before the purchase of Alaska, says the Overland Monthly, was 2,933,666 square miles; Alaska contains 550,000 square miles of mainland, 7,000 square miles of the Aleutian Islands, and 22,000 square miles of other islands, a total of 579,000 square miles, or one-fifth of the area of the rest of the United States. It requires the areas of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and New York to equal this. The area of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia and West Virginia equal only one-half of Alaska. It equals the combined area of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands. It stretches from latitude 51° to 71° and from longitude 130° to 188°.

The Preaching that Unsettles

THE WORLD NEEDS STRENGTH, NOT DOUBT

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

"DON'T tell me any of your doubts; I have enough of my own; tell me something to confirm me." This well-known remark of Goethe is well worth heeding by the ministers of Jesus Christ in these days. The air is pretty well charged with skepticism already, and the only antidote is positive, Heaven-sent truth vindicated by actual experience. Certainly there is not such a superabundance of faith in God's Word that any minister can run the risk of reducing it by a reckless style of "Biblical criticism." Preaching ought to confirm faith—never unsettle it.

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Last year we had an extended series of elaborate discourses on "The Bible as a Literature," by an eminent clergyman of New York. His audiences were large, and his sermons were published in full in a leading daily journal. When the course was completed, the ecclesiastical association to which the clergyman belonged, by a public resolution repudiated the teachings of the sermons, and disclaimed all responsibility for them. Nine-tenths of all the evangelical people of Brooklyn deeply lamented the delivery of those sermons; for they very properly felt that such handling of God's blessed Word by an ordained preacher of that Word was calculated to shake confidence in its perfect inspiration, infallibility and Divine authority. Preaching that converts no sinners and makes Christians grieve is not likely to be followed by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When faith in God's Word has been seriously shaken, it is not easy to rebuild and confirm it.

The same mischief that is wrought in the pulpit is often wrought in these days by the pen. My attention has been called lately to an elaborate work on the New Testament by an able and erudite professor in one of the theological seminaries. The writer abounds in doubts. He mingles doubts and denials. He denies that the Apostle Peter ever wrote the epistles attributed to him, or that the Apostle John wrote the fourth Gospel. He doubts the entire historical accuracy of the "Acts of the Apostles," and is not by any means sure that the crucified body of our blessed Lord ever actually rose again from the sepulchre! These and many other specimens of the new school of so-called "higher criticism" are calculated to give an inexperienced young minister an ague fit. Twenty years ago Doctor McCosh said to me, "The fight that is coming on is, whether we have got any Bible." Let any minister ascend his pulpit with his perfect faith in The Book unsettled, and he is likely to unsettle the faith of half his congregation.

Amid all the confident boastings of the school of conjectural criticism, I am tempted to ask whether such masters in Israel as Luther, Calvin, Knox and Chalmers—such ministers as Edwards, and Candlish, and the Alexanders, and Skinner, and Hodge, and Maclaren, and Spurgeon were ignoramuses? Did they regard as veritably inspired revelations by the Holy Spirit what are now "proved" (!) to be myths or sacred legends, or untrustworthy *dicta?* Has it been reserved for such colossal discoverers as Wellhausen and Kuenen and Driver to flood the world with the first real knowledge of what the Bible is, and how it is to be understood and how it should be interpreted?

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One thing that puzzles me is that the teachings of all those ignoramuses wrought such mighty results, and have been attended by such signal testimonies of the Divine blessing! Myriads of souls have been converted by their teachings; while the teachings of the modern *illuminati* only seem to unsettle faith, and are as barren of spiritual results as the east wind! What minister would prepare himself for a revival in his church by praying that God would open his eyes to see that part of his Bible is only a myth, and that even the resurrection of his Lord was a very doubtful matter? Christ bade His disciples pray, "Increase our faith." The prayer of this new school of critics is—"Increase our doubts!"

Not only is there an increasing effort to unsettle the popular faith in the infallibility and Divine authority of God's Holy Word; there is a growing tendency to a cheap disparagement of all "creeds." The older the creed the more it is disparaged. Now a creed is supposed to be an expression of such a revealed truth as a good man believes honestly and builds on. It is his soul's working theory. Living, working, growing churches have creeds, and profit by them. Fourscore years ago the Unitarian President Kirkland of Harvard University gave, at a public dinner, this toast: "Unitarianism—the antisectarian sect, whose creed consists in not believing." This witty toast tells the real secret of the feeble growth of Unitarianism; lacking a positive faith, it lacks push and aggressive power. A few weeks ago, at a great semicentennial celebration of a certain church in this city, a notable minister from Boston declared that the system taught in the Westminster Standards is "utterly gone already!" And while this Boston Gamaliel was pronouncing its epitaph, the fourth denomination on the globe in point of numbers was celebrating joyfully the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Westminster Catechism! The longevity and the power of that catechism lie in its exaltation of God's sovereignty, of the infallibility of His revealed Word, and of the efficacy of Christ's cross in the redemption of a world of sinners. It is a tonic system of doctrine; it confirms and vertebrates those who accept it.

Let me suggest to all my young brethren that if they hope to convert sinners and edify Christians they must take a strong and unhesitating grasp on God's Word, and have a clear, well-defined system of Biblical theology. Your business is not to unsettle faith, but to strengthen it. Stick to the old, well-tried, Heaven-blessed Gospel. Keep the modern fogs out of your study. As a wise man has said, "You may have your beliefs and have your doubts. Believe your beliefs, and doubt your doubts. Never doubt your beliefs, and never believe your doubts." Then you may hope to build up a solid church on Jesus Christ as the corner-stone.—The Watchman.

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Helpful Words for Living

WISDOM OF BEST THINKERS

IT is an important part of education and self-culture to learn how to use our own society in solitude. Not only shall we thus be saved from weariness and vacuity of mind when circumstances enforce solitude upon us, but we shall never be willing to live without its privileges. Far from its being dreaded as a season of dreary tedium, it will be prized as an essential part of every wise and natural life.

NO ONE can estimate the effect of a single worthy deed, still less fix any limit to its influence. One effort to encourage the despairing, to lift the fallen, to help the helpless, to educate the ignorant, to promote happiness or welfare in any manner, is productive of results far beyond anything that was hoped for or intended. The influence for good on those who are thus aided, and the degree to which it reacts upon others and extends to future generations, are utterly incalculable.

NOTHING on earth can smile but the race of man. Gems may flash reflected light, but where is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a charm which even they cannot claim. The birds cannot smile, nor can any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight hovering between both, and is more bewitching than either.

DON'T think of persecution, or enmity, or ill-will. Be right with yourself, and just to all men, and outside enemies will soon vanish like the morning cloud and the early dew. Cultivate feelings of kindness and good-will for others; seek to help rather than to hinder them; to excuse instead of magnifying their faults, and you will soon find that you have troops of friends where you now see only persecuting enemies. Above all, look inward for your real foes, for the true disturbers of your peace, and sworn destroyers of your life. Unless you put all the powers of your soul in battle array, and fight against them, as the children of Israel were commanded to fight against the Canaanites—even to their utter extermination and banishment from the land—they will make life bitter and burdensome.

THE cynical philosophy which throws so much disrespect upon human life fails utterly to recognize the worth of man himself. The scornful contrast between man's limits and Nature's boundlessness shows this. One writer says: "Does a mountain dwarf the diamond, or render insignificant and contemptible the ant, or the bee, or the butterfly? Much less does the conception of boundless space and time tend to make man insignificant and contemptible in our eyes. When we comprehend all that is meant by man and manhood, then it is keenly felt that not only does man not suffer by being contrasted with the conception of boundless space and time, but that the latter is not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath. It is only in our most pitiable and contemptible moods that human life seems so petty and short that human grief is not worth assuaging, nor human happiness worth increasing."

Famous Musicians in Love

By E. F. Hardy

[Author of How to be Happy Though Married]

LADIES greatly admired Handel, who was very handsome, but the serenity of the composer seems only to have been ruffled twice by love on his part. His first attachment was to a London girl, a member of the aristocracy. Her parents thought him beneath her in social position, but were good enough to say that if he abstained from writing any more music the question of marriage might be entertained. It was easier to abstain from their daughter than from his art, and he did so. Years after, almost the same thing occurred. Handel and another beautiful pupil of his fell in love with each other, and proud parents gave him the choice between giving up his profession or their daugher. Music—"heavenly maid"—was chosen.

Bach was twice happily married. His first wife was a most excellent house-manager. When, after thirteen years, she died, she was in due time succeeded by a second wife, who also possessed the rare union of an artistic nature and domestic faculties. She copied his manuscripts, listened with delight to his productions, and in many other ways assisted his artistic labors. There must have been plenty of matrimonial music in his home, for he had twenty children.

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When Haydn was a boy in the choir of Saint Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, he was very fond of practical joking. One evening during service he cut off the queue of one of the other choristers' wigs and caused the congregation to smile. The choir-master, who had often threatened him before, turned him out of the choir-school that night, and, as he had no money and no friends, he had to pace the snowy streets until the morning, when he met and told his woe to a wig-maker named Kellar, who happened to know him slightly.

"Since you lost your place by damaging a wig," said this good-natured man, "it is but right that a repairer of wigs should take you under his charge." The poor boy was allowed to sleep in the attic, and a knife and fork were placed for him at the table.

Kellar had two daughters, and in process of time Haydn loved the elder, a girl of sweet disposition; but she went into a convent—partly, it is said, to escape from the scolding tongue of her sister. Some years passed, and the composer enjoyed a competence and the wig-maker was reduced in circumstances. In order to help his benefactor, Haydn married this younger daughter, and his life afterward was as miserable as an ill-tempered woman could make it.

The first girl whom Mozart loved and wished to marry was Aloysia Weber, who became a rather famous singer. For some time she encouraged his attentions, but when better-looking suitors appeared she began to scorn the diminutive young composer. "I knew nothing of the greatness of his genius," she afterward explained. "I saw in him only a little man." Mozart transferred his affections to her younger, less brilliant sister, Constance.

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The girl, however, had a stern guardian, and he prohibited Mozart from all communication with his charge until the lover declared himself in writing. Mozart, therefore, signed a document, by which he agreed to marry Constance within three years, or, "in the event of such an impossibility happening as that he should alter his mind," to pay her a yearly sum of three hundred florins. The guardian, contented with this, having gone away, Constance, "heavenly girl," tore up the paper and fell upon Mozart's neck, exclaiming, "Dear Mozart, I need no written assurance from you; I believe your word!" And this same faith in the composer was maintained by his wife after marriage.

Mozart's father was as unfriendly to the marriage as was the girl's guardian, nevertheless it took place on the fourth of August, 1782. "When we were joined together," wrote Mozart, "my wife, and I, too, began to weep; upon which every one, even the priest, was moved, and all who witnessed our emotion wept."

There was, however, clear shining after the rain. The affection of the young couple was sincere and hearty. Constance was distinguished neither by talent nor education, but her husband praised her commonsense. She could play tolerably on the pianoforte, and sang prettily at sight, so that Mozart was accustomed to try new compositions with her—or was it upon her, using her as a foolometer? While the husband composed, the wife sat by him and related to him legends and children's tales.

One day the Emperor Joseph asked Mozart why he did not marry a rich wife. With dignity the composer replied, "Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love." Unfortunately, it did not. His compositions found few purchasers, for people generally did not comprehend them. So poor, indeed, were Mozart and his wife after their marriage that a friend found them one day without any fuel in the house, waltzing to keep warm.

Then Constance became sickly. On one occasion, when Mozart was composing beside her as she slept, a noisy messenger entered. Alarmed lest his wife should be disturbed, he rose hastily, when the penknife in his hand fell and buried itself in his foot. Without a word he left the room, a surgeon was called and though lame for some time, his wife was not told of the accident. If Constance were asleep when he quitted home in the morning he would leave a tender note to greet her waking. Here is one of them: "I wish you good-morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed your repose. Be careful not to take cold, not to rise too quickly, not to stoop, not to reach for anything, not to be angry with the servant. Take care also not to fall upon the threshold in passing from one room to another. Keep all the domestic troubles till I come, which will be soon."

When Mozart was with his wife he worked hard and was as good as he could be, but whenever he left her he went more or less to the bad. At the close of the year 1790 he made a journey to Frankfurt, Mauheim and Munich, and, falling in with bad companions, allowed himself to be carried away by their excesses. When he came to himself he thought of his "sweet, darling, beloved wife," as he calls her in a letter promising reformation. "I shall be delighted to return to you. What an enjoyable life we will lead! I will work, and work so hard that I may never again get into such a distressing position." But the night cometh when no man can work. A few months after he was on his death-bed. Among his last words were these: "Must I go, just as I am able to live in peace? Must I leave my wife and my poor children, just when I should have been able to provide better for them?"

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When Mozart died, his wife, in her despair, lay in the same bed, that she might take and die of the same illness—typhus fever. Death seldom comes, however, to those who court it, and she lived on with her children for many years in very narrow circumstances, and never rested until she had paid every debt contracted by her husband.

Beethoven's "immortal beloved," "his angel," "his all," "his life," as he called her, was Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, but she preferred wealth and unruffled ease to being linked with a great genius. Then there was Bettina von Arnim, whom the composer admired, but neither of them fell in love. He formed only Platonic attachments. It was enough that his female admirers knitted him stockings and comforters, and made dainty puddings and other delicacies. Like Dean Swift, Beethoven accepted the adoration of women as a right, and in return condescended to go to sleep on their sofas, after picking his teeth with the candle-snuffers, while they pounded away at his sonatas, the artistic slaughter of which deafness mercifully prevented him from hearing.

Spohr had become attached to Dorette Scheidler, who used to play with him beautifully upon the harp at the Court concerts. Driving home from one of these, at which the players had received an ovation from the delighted audience, Spohr asked, "Shall we thus play together for life?" "Bursting into tears," he says, "she sank into my arms; the contract for life was sealed." For twenty-eight years they played together harmoniously the game of life, and then the beloved wife died. During her illness she had taken immense interest in his new oratorio, "Calvary," so Spohr was anxious to complete it as soon as possible. "The thought," he says, "that my wife did not live to listen to its first performance sensibly lessened the satisfaction I felt in this, my most successful work." Two years barely passed and Spohr found another good wife.

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Schubert represented himself as a woman-hater, but he had one great attachment, which could not be gratified on account of difference of social position and age. This was to Countess Caroline Esterhazy. Once the inexperienced maiden asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt intensity Schubert answered, "What's the use? To you all my music is dedicated."

Weber, the composer, at the first performance of his Sylvana, in Frankfurt, September 16, 1810, met Miss Caroline Brandt, who sang the principal part, and with such success that the composer himself was loudly called for; on which occasion she had to drag the half-frightened youth before the curtain to receive the applause. How little did Weber dream that the hand that then clasped his was that of his future wife!

Six years after this the composer became Kapellmeister to the King of Saxony. "Long," he wrote to his intended, "did I look on Count Vitzthum's letter without daring to open it. Was it joy, or was it sorrow? At length I took courage. It was joy! So round I went to all my friends, who laughed and made the new Kapellmeister a most reverential bow. . . . . I ought to have an extra kiss from you for this good news." They were now married, and, after a short trip, went to the comfortable, sweet nest which Weber had provided for his "little birdie." That he entered upon matrimony in a right spirit may be seen from an entry in his diary: "May God bless our union, and grant me strength and power to make my beloved Lina as happy and contented as my inmost heart would desire! May His mercy lead me in all my doings!" This prayer was answered, for Weber made his wife and children happy, and worked hard for them until the "machinery" of his frail body was quite "shattered."

The marriage of Mendelssohn, in 1837, with Cecile Jean Renaud, was a very happy one. She was the beautiful daughter of a no less handsome mother, who was the widow of a French Protestant pastor. So guarded was the composer in his approaches to the young lady that people at first thought his attentions were directed to the mother instead of to the daughter.

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It is impossible to imagine a more united couple than Donizetti and his wife. "They lived as a pair of lovers," and when, after living together in Elysium for two years, cholera took away the wife, the husband lost all concern for himself.

There was a tender romance in the early life of Bellini. The father of the girl he loved, a Neapolitan judge, refused his suit on account of his inferior social position. When Bellini became famous the judge wished to change his mind, but Bellini's pride interfered. Soon after the young lady, who loved him unalterably, died, and the composer never recovered from the shock.

Schumann had great trouble in getting for a wife Clara Wieck, but she was well worth it. She was the daughter of the master under whom he studied and in whose house he lived. He saw her every day and heard her wonderful playing on the pianoforte. As a natural consequence, they loved, but Wieck did not desire for a son-in-law a penniless musician, and forbade Schumann to see or write to his daughter. Then a bold idea came into the young man's head. He edited a musical journal, and printed in the paper Letters to Clara, in which he poured forth rhapsodies of love side by side with essays on harmony and reports of concerts. Eventually the opposition of Wieck gave way, and Clara was married to the composer in 1840.

Schumann and his wife had the same tastes and perfectly understood one another. So much was this the case that he proposed to her on the pianoforte, without ever uttering a syllable of language to tell her what he meant. And after they were married eight or ten years, they would sit down at the piano side by side and perform piece after piece together, she playing the treble with her right hand, he the bass with his left. Often their disengaged arms were locked around each other's waist in an embrace of mutual affection. Schumann did his best to make a muddle of his life, but his wife, like some good angel, came after him wherever he went and put everything straight. When in the end he became quite mad, she supported him and their seven children.

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For many years after her husband's death Madame Schumann, who may be called the queen of pianists, interpreted her husband's music to the public, as only she could. Before doing so she used to read over some of the old love letters that he wrote her during their courtship, so that, as she said, she might be "better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work."

Verdi's parents were very poor Italian peasants, living near Busseto. Giuseppe's earliest recollection was the organ of the little village church, to which he listened with delight. When a boy he one day heard a skillful performance on a fine piano while passing by a fine house of Busseto. From that time a constant fascination drew him back.

Its owner was Antonio Barezzi, a rich merchant and a cultivated man. It was his daughter whose playing gave young Verdi such pleasure. Signor Barezzi had often noticed the lingering and absorbed lad, so one day he asked him why he came so constantly and stayed so long doing nothing.

"I play the piano a little," said the boy, "and I like to come and listen to the fine playing in your house."

"Oh! if that is the case, come in with me that you may enjoy it more at your ease, and hereafter you are welcome to do so whenever you feel inclined."

The delighted boy did not refuse the invitation, and the kind merchant soon came to regard the young musician with much affection. He helped him in many ways during the years that followed, and when Verdi was earning enough to marry upon he gave him for a wife the girl whose music had so much charmed him.—A selected reading from The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men, just published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Told about Lincoln*

Compiled by William O. Stoddard

PERPLEXITY ILLUSTRATED.—Letter to General Hooker, June 5, 1863: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.—To a friend who had obtained from him a pardon for a deserter: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.—The result of the great conflict seemed to be in more doubt than ever just after the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Lincoln expressed his own view of the situation with: "We are a good deal like whalers who have been long on a chase. At last we have got our harpoon fairly into the monster; but we must look out how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

LINCOLN'S HATRED OF OPPRESSION.—To Newton Bateman, October, 1860: "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.—October 3, 1863: "No human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are most gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently acknowledged, as with one heart and voice, by the whole American people."—Abraham Lincoln.

THE FIRING AT KNOXVILLE.—At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tennessee, with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day from Cumberland Gap announcing that "Firing is heard in the direction of Knoxville." "Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend who was present, in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, and she would exclaim in a pleased way, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

A PRESIDENTIAL BLONDIN.—Lincoln said to faultfinders at the Executive Mansion: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The official representatives of this Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

TRAVELING DEADHEAD.—Mr. Lincoln had several reasons for not admiring ex-President Tyler, and a mention of him on one occasion brought out an anecdote. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the Presidency," said Mr. Lincoln, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On 'Bob's' making known his errand, that official promptly informed him that his road did not run special trains for the President. 'What,' said Bob, 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers; 'and if you will only bring your father here in that shape you shall have the best train on the road.'"

A SECOND-HAND PRESIDENT.—No doubt Mr. Lincoln sufficiently appreciated the good qualities of ex-President Fillmore, then living, but a mention of him one evening brought out a shot at the Vice-Presidential succession. "Just after Taylor's death, when Fillmore succeeded him, Fillmore needed to buy a carriage. Some gentleman here was breaking up housekeeping and had one for sale, and Fillmore took Edward (the old doorkeeper of the White House) with him when he went to look at it. It seemed to be a pretty good turnout, but Fillmore looked it carefully over and then asked Edward, 'How do you think it will do for the President of the United States to ride in a second-hand carriage?' 'Sure, Your Excellency,' replied Edward, 'you're only a second-hand President, you know.'"

*From Table-Talk of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by William O. Stoddard. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Doctor Langdon's Dilemma

BETWEEN FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

By Kate Erskine

CHAPTER III

A WEEK after the Doctor's ride to the mountains, a picnic party was planned at the Stimpson farm.

Everybody was bustling about, running in and out of the house carrying baskets and wraps, which they deposited in a large haycart strewn with fresh hay, with the Deacon perched up in front holding the reins, a smile of ineffable content overspreading his countenance. Evidently this was to be a picnic, and all the household bore traces of it, with one exception—Mr. Platt.

His manners on this occasion were most erratic; walking by himself up and down the side of the house, he seemed to be utterly regardless of the fact that anything unusual was taking place. Mrs. Allyn also seemed to have imbibed something of his oddity that morning, for every now and then she would dart to his side, join him in his walk for a moment, and then return to her duty of superintending all the arrangements.

The secret of this great responsibility, bowing Mr. Platt almost to the ground, was that he was giving the picnic, and he felt very sure that unless he followed every detail appertaining to it very closely, all would go wrong. He had taken Mrs. Allyn into his confidence, and for the past few days had driven that accommodating little woman almost frantic by his injunctions and commands, for he would take no active part himself in the arrangement, and would allow no one to mention the subject to him.

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The picnic was a great success in every way. The day was perfect, the food was delicious, the company a most enjoyable one.

It was quite late when Doctor Langdon came riding quickly over the hill to join the others. He saw them long before they did him, as he approached from behind, for their faces were all turned toward the west, watching the sunset, and they did not even know of his presence until he dropped suddenly down beside Mrs. Stimpson, frightening that good woman almost speechless.

The sunset was glorious. It was really too beautiful for them to say much about, so they all sat very quiet, watching the gorgeous coloring deepen and fade slowly away, tinting the billows of clouds as they rolled past absorbing the light. But their thoughts, whatever they were, were quickly dispelled by the Deacon, who had awakened from his nap, noted the time, and whispered to his wife in a stentorian whisper, "Ma, we'd orter be a-goin'; the sun has set and the horses orter have their feed; when do you s'pose those folks will quit diggin' roots?" (He pronounced it "ruts.")

Under cover of the laugh this provoked, much to the good Deacon's astonishment, Doctor Langdon turned to Mrs. Allyn and said in a low tone, "Wycoff and Diana have gone botanizing, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered, "most of the afternoon has been spent in that pursuit, interspersed with Browning, whom your friend admires so much, one would judge. John," she continued earnestly, "do listen to me once more—for the last time if you say so, but I must speak of what is on my mind. You know that as far as Mr. Wycoff is concerned I approve of his method of making love much more than I do of yours; not entirely, perhaps, because I am so influenced in your favor that since you have argued with me I do not know exactly what to think, but do, do think once more before you allow the prize you value so much to be taken from you. Why do you say that he is not doing the wrong that you would be doing—why are your cases different?"

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"Edith," said the Doctor gently, "Wycoff has never thought about it as I have. I cannot blame him for doing a thing he does not think is wrong, for unconsciously influencing Diana in his favor, by making her think he is interested in the same things she is; he is a noble fellow, and I never knew him to do a mean thing in his life. I appreciate, dear friend, your kind interest in me, I——" but his voice trembled a little, and turning hastily around he seemed to be listening to what the Deacon was saying.

"I dunno much about this botiny, as you call it; when I like a flower I pick it; ef I know the name, well and good, ef not, I don't care much, for it looks just as pretty and smells just as sweet without.

"But now, there's Mr. Wycoff. I was up the other mornin' about half-past four, havin' some extry work to do, and as I stood outside the barn I see Mr. Wycoff passin', an' bein' all dashed at seein' a city chap round so early, they generally likin' to lay in bed, I asked him where he was a-goin. 'I'm a goin',' said he, 'up the mountain to see ef I can find'—and then he said the longest word I've ever heerd tell on, and then he went along. I was all filibustered, never havin' heard of such a thing bein' in the mountain, and thinkin' I knew as much about it as any one in these parts, so I thought and thought about it, and made up my mind it must be pretty large from the name on it—perhaps, an animal.

"Wall, just as I was a-goin' in to breakfast I see him returnin' with nothin' visible.

"'So you didn't catch him?' says I.

"'Catch what?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'what you go up the mountain for?' and he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a little piece of paper, opened it, and there was lyin' the smallest flower I ever see—a little yaller thing.

"'There,' says he, lookin' tickled to death, 'that's what I went up the mountain for, and I was successful.' Wall, a few hours afterward I see him and Miss Di studying a great book with that little yaller flower before them, and I understood."

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CHAPTER IV

PREPARATIONS had been made to deliver a lecture on temperance in the Centre. Several small lamps burned dimly on the little platform, casting a faint light on the speaker's face as he sat behind the desk, but in the other parts of the room only making darkness more visible. It was a quarter of eight, and although the lecture was to commence in fifteen minutes, there were not more than five present, and they were women. They sat on the back seats in the shadows, and as far from one another as possible; they knew what they were there for; others would, too, if they saw their faces, so the hoods were drawn a little closer, the shawls gathered together more tightly, and the figures shrunk farther into dark corners.

One by one others straggled in, several young boys to lounge in the rear, carry on, and make fun of the proceedings, a few elderly men to take the front seats and wish the speaker "God speed."

Just as the hands of the clock pointed to eight, and the little audience numbered seventeen, a young lady and gentleman entered and took seats in the second row. Their advent made quite a little commotion; it was unexpected.

The speaker was a young man. Perhaps it was his kind face and gentle manner, as much as his words, which absorbed his hearers' attention, for after a few minutes the boys stopped laughing and the women sat up straighter and forgot themselves.

"Oh, my friends," he ended by saying, "listen to me. I do not say that without signing this pledge you cannot overcome the curse which is at your doors. I simply say that it is a safeguard, and earnestly entreat you to take it to yourselves."

The eyes of the girl down in front had wandered around indifferently when she first entered, and had regarded the speaker in the same way when he commenced his lecture. She had never been to a temperance lecture before, and wished to see what one was like; that was her only object in coming. But as he continued the expression of her face changed, becoming animated and interested, almost intense. When he finished speaking she turned to her companion, and her eyes said—I do not know what, for her lips never uttered a word, but this I do know, that Allan Wycoff arose instantly, walked to the desk and signed his name, and that then her face for the first time had the look he had hoped for, and he knew that she loved him. Was it the words of the speaker that made him do a thing he had never believed in and never intended doing? He had scarcely heard a word he said. Why? Because his eyes had been fastened on the girl's face, and he had been thinking of her alone.

No one else came forward. One woman half rose, timidly, and then sat down again.

"Oh, my friends," spoke again the voice of the young man, "is there no man or woman here who, for the sake of others if not for themselves, will set the example?"

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The door opened, swung to with a bang, and all looked around to see who had entered. It was a large man in a heavy driving coat and broad felt hat shading his face. He waited a second on entering and then removed it. It was a strong face which was now seen, and there was that about the man which impressed one with his strength and magnetism. The speaker looked at him earnestly, caught his eye, and then repeated, "Is there no one here who, for the sake of others if not for themselves, will set the example?"

The man glanced quickly around the room, noticing every one; he looked surprised at seeing the couple in the second row.

As he passed down the aisle to join them a woman caught hold of his coat.

"Well, Mrs. Brown," he said, kindly.

"Oh, Doctor," she whispered, "I ask your pardon now for what I'm sayin', but if I could say to Bill to-night, I'm after seein' the Doctor sign the pledge to-night with my own eyes, he would do it to-morrow; I mean to myself before leavin', but I'm feelin' timid like, and then it wouldn't make no difference to Bill, but he thinks you're the best man livin'."

"And so he is," spoke up one of the boys, who had overheard her.

The girl down in front had watched him with glistening eyes ever since he entered, and as soon as he reached her she put out her hand and laid it on his sleeve. A thrill of happiness passed over him at her very touch.

"You will sign the pledge, Doctor, won't you?" she said in a pleading voice. "It will do so much good. Mr. Wycoff has."

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Allan Wycoff signed the pledge! It was very hard with the little hand on his arm, and her sweet voice sounding, not to do as she asked him, and such a little thing, too, only to write his name, and Wycoff had done it, and he had never denounced it as Allan had. There was a moment of hesitation. Then he said gently, and with almost as much pleading in his voice as had been in hers—as if asking her to think kindly of him notwithstanding his views—

"I cannot decide immediately, Diana. I will sit down in the back of the room for a few minutes, and think it over while the singing is going on."

That ended, he walked to the desk. As he passed Miss Sherwin he glanced at her, for he was glad that what he was about to do would please her; he could not have done it for her alone, but he hoped that now he would see a gratified look on her face. He never forgot the expression; it sank too deep for that. She looked at him in a cold, contemptuous way. He was so unsympathetic, she thought; the idea of having to ponder a thing of vital importance in such a calculating manner; so different from Mr. Wycoff. Well, he signed his name, but the men who saw it said "the ritin' was so shaky it didn't look like the Doctor's."

He went out directly, for he felt that his heart was breaking, and the others must not see. It had commenced to rain, and there was a strong, cold wind, but he did not know it; he did not even put on his hat, but strode along with the wind blowing his fair hair, and seeming to sob over his sorrow as it soughed through the woods. Perhaps it was as well he had a physical tempest to battle with as well as a mental, otherwise he could not have borne it. It is a terrible sight to see a strong man give way to despair—well that there was no one to see his. He was passing through another such conflict as he had in his room that night, only a much harder one. He had thought then that it would never return, that he had looked the bare, hard facts so fully in the face they would not be forced on him again. But since then he had been unconsciously hoping against hope, and now the last shock had come; it was all over, and he had lost her.

There was another figure hastening along the same road a little while after; it turned up the path at the right as the other had done, and at last stood at the door he had entered. There it stopped.

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When Allan Wycoff saw the look of pain that crossed the Doctor's face as he met the expression on Diana Sherwin's, it flashed across his mind for the first time what he had been doing these summer months; unconsciously, blindly, taking from this man, this friend of friends, what he might, perhaps, otherwise but for him have won. He longed to reach him, talk to him, ask his forgiveness, humble himself in the dust before him if necessary. He measured the Doctor's love for the girl by the intensity of his own, and his heart was sore for him.

Ah, Allan Wycoff, you must measure it by something else, for the man who, thinking only of the girl's happiness, can lose her thus, has a love truer and deeper than you can fathom.

"Think well before you join us, for you may lose what you put in." These words, spoken in a laughing way so long ago, now came back and haunted him as he hastened on. He had gained the love of a woman, and destroyed the happiness of a friend—perhaps lost his love. The keynote had been struck; it responded with such a sad tone that there were tears in his eyes as he stood and looked at his friend.

There he sat before his desk, leaning on it with his head buried in his hands, and as Allan Wycoff stood there the thought came to him, how wonderful it was, how contrary to human nature, that during these months he had not received one look of annoyance even from this man—nothing but love and kindness. Truly he was a friend!

The Doctor raised his head and looked around. "I knew you would come, Allan," he said, with a sad smile. Their hands met.

The bond of friendship was drawn closer than ever before they parted, but Allan Wycoff never knew, unless by his own perception, that he had gained a woman's love in a way the Doctor could not have done.

[THE END]

Funeral Customs

THE ORIGIN OF OBSERVANCES

By Leopold Wagner

TOLLING THE CHURCH BELLS.—This custom on the death of a distinguished person arose out of the passing bell formerly tolled in the parish church the moment any member of the congregation passed away, to invite the prayers of all the other parishioners for the repose of his soul, and also to drive away wicked spirits, who could not bear to hear the sound.

THE BLACK FLAG.—This flag, hoisted upon prison walls as a signal that the last sentence of the law has been carried out, was first employed by Tamerlane, Khan of the Tartars, in the fourteenth century. Whenever a city refused to surrender after a certain period, he displayed a black flag, to proclaim that "the time for mercy is now past, and the city is given up to destruction."

FLAG AT HALF-MAST.—The custom of flying a flag at half-mast-high as a mark of mourning and respect arose out of the old naval and military practice of lowering the flag in time of war as a sign of submission. The vanquished always lowered his flag, while the victor fluttered his own flag above it from the same staff. To lower a flag is a token of respect to one's superior, and a signal of mourning and distress.

WIDOWS' CAPS.—Widows' caps are accounted for in this way: The Egyptians and Greeks shaved off their beards and cut off their hair in times of mourning. The Romans did not cultivate beards, but cutting off the hair as a sign of mourning was common to both sexes. To supply the want of a natural head-covering, the men wore wigs and the women caps. This practice fell into disuse after the Romans abandoned Britain.

THE BLACK CAP.—"Why does the judge in a criminal court assume the black cap when pronouncing sentence of death?" is a question frequently asked. This is because covering the head has from the earliest times been regarded as a sign of mourning. Numerous examples of this occur in the Scriptures, in the classics, and in modern literature. "The ancient English," says Dudley Fosbrooke, in his monumental work on archæology, "drew their hoods over their heads at funerals." We read also of "the congregation, a very great one, sitting in the choir to hear the funeral sermon, all covered," at the burial of Bishop Cox in Ely Cathedral in the year 1581.

A MILITARY FUNERAL.—When such a one takes place in time of peace, the ceremonial is exactly the same as it would be in camp or on the battlefield. A gun-carriage forms an improvised hearse, the drums are muffled out of respect to the dead comrade, and all arms are carried reversed, to show that the company deputed to perform the sad office count upon the forbearance of the enemy for the time being, consequently they do not fear an attack. In the case of a cavalry officer being buried, his horse is led behind the body; this is a survival of ancient times, when an officer's charger was universally sacrificed at the graveside and buried with its master. At the conclusion of the ceremony a salute is fired over the grave to intimate to the enemy that they are once more ready to act on the defensive.

MOURNING COLORS are not really devoid of meaning. Black is the accepted color in Europe. Formerly the stage was draped with black during the performance of a tragedy. This accounts for the line in Shakespeare's Henry VI, "Hung be the heavens with black"; the heavens answering to our borders and flies. White is the emblem of hope, the Chinese color of mourning. The ladies of Rome and Sparta dressed in white during the period of mourning. Prior to the year 1498, when Anne, Queen of Charles VIII, of France, surrounded her coat-of-arms with black drapery, and dressed herself in black on the death of her husband, in opposition to the prevailing custom, widows in England, France and Spain generally adopted white mourning. Mary, Queen of Scots, received the name of the White Queen, because she mourned in white for the death of her husband, Lord Darnley. White coffins for children are still popular; while in some parts of the country white hat-bands in mourning for the unmarried are the rule rather than the exception. Black and white striped express sorrow and hope. This is the mourning color of the South Sea Islanders. The ancient Egyptians mourned in yellow, the sere and yellow leaf; so do the Burmese, whose monastic habit is of the same color. In Brittany widows' caps are invariably yellow. Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is the Persian mourning. In Syria and Armenia sky-blue is the color of mourning, indicative of the assurance that the deceased has gone to Heaven. Purple was formerly the mourning color of all Christian Princes. All the Kings of France mourned in purple. Charles II, of England, mourned in purple for his brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester, when he died, in the year 1660. This mourning color of Christian Princes in general, and of the Roman Catholic Church, has been derived from the purple garment the Roman soldiers put about our Lord.

—(Extracts from Manners, Customs, and Observances. By Leopold Wagner. Published by Macmillan & Co.)

When My Ship Comes In

By Robert J. Burdette

SOMEWHERE out on the blue sea sailing,
Where the wind is dance and spin
[illegible] ger hailing
Over the [illegible]
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting
Out where the blinding fog is drifting
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting
My ship is coming in

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching
Day after weary day
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking
[illegible] he long nights sighed away
[illegible] know where the waves had tossed her,
[illegible] know what storms had crossed her
[illegible] but I but know where the winds had lost her
Out in the twilight grey

But though the storms her course have altered
Surely the port she'll win
Never my faith in my ship has faltered
I know she is coming in
For through the restless ways of her roaming
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming
Through the white crest of the billows' combing
My ship is coming in

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying
Swiftly she's coming
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in,
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purpose of kings she will dress me
My ship that is coming in

White in the sunshine her sails will be
See, where my ship comes in
At masthead and peak [illegible] colors are streaming
Proudly she's sailing in
Love hope and joy on her decks are cheering
Music will welcome her glad appearing
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing
When my ship comes in I'm

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Richest Man in the World

IN AUSTRIA'S DREAM OF WEALTH

By C. J. Oberalm

"LET me put the facts before you, sir. I am the richest man in all the world!—richer than Rothschild and the Astors, and the Vanderbilts all put together! When you came into my shop just now, you didn't think the richest man in all the world was standing behind the counter? Oh, I think not. He he he!

"Look out of this window at the big Tennen Gebirge Mountains: eight thousand feet high—nine miles long. Well, I could put enough gold on the top to make the whole chain as high as the Great Glockner in Tyrol!

"When you tourists come along, and admire the medieval streets, and the buttressed houses, and the green window shutters—how I get to know the phrases!—I look out at you, and laugh, and rub my hands; I say to myself that you are all fools. You don't know what the real curiosity in Hallein is—ay, or in all Austria, with Hungary thrown in—when just at the level of your eyes, with six feet of wall between the richest man in all the world is standing watching you.

"You go to Salzburg, and see the graves of Bluebeard's wives, and the catacombs in the rocks, and the Jesuits' Cathedral. And then you come on here and look at our queer streets; and—when you are not too la[illegible] up into the mountains to the Bavarian frontier, and then you come and gape and yawn under my window, and never know that the greatest wonder in the whole country is here beside you—'a little yellow haired man in spectacles, with baggy pockets,' you would say: yes, sir; but the richest man in the whole wide world with gold—gold—gold thousands of tons!—pure, virgin gold, with never a speck or flaw!

"But come into my back parlor and let me put the facts before you. Hansl can sell packets of salt to the blockhead burghers' [illegible] and ten kreutzers' worth of ammonia, to take away mosquito bites, to you green tourists; and I'll put the facts before you, and tell you how I became the richest man in the world.

"Come and sit down here, while I put the facts before you. You don't mind my long pipe, I hope? No German can talk without a big pipe hanging down his chin. Look at this big map, and follow it, as I tell you the facts. I have joined two maps together to show the whole of the Pacific Ocean. Here, you see, I've marked two spots with yellow, and drawn a dotted line between them. That's my great and grand discovery!

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"This spot on the east side—no, I suppose it's the west—west side of Pacific, east side of Asia, yes, that's it. Well, this spot is Amooria and the town of Blagovestchensk. Now, although you are a tourist, and have been airing your legs in every country in Europe—and Asia and America, too, for all I know—I'll lay a wager you didn't know there was such a place.

"And here am I, sitting in my shop-parlor, a shabby little provincial chemist—oh, I know very well that's what you think me although you do nod your head and try to look polite. I know all about it.

"Well, this [illegible] is Blagovestchensk, in Amooria. And the other yellow spot over the water—east side of Pacific, west side of America; I have it right this time, I know—this other yellow spot is Red Pyramid Bluffs, in California, and the dotted line goes from the one to the other. Doesn't that tell you anything? No? Well, I never did think much of you tourists. Perhaps you know Amooria is the centre of the big gold deposit that the Siberian convicts work? Yes, you know that much, at least. And you know Russian engineers say the Amoorian gold ridge is richer than Australia and California put together? and that one day Russia will be the biggest gold-owning country in the world? Well, you know that gold is said to have been found in California? He he he! I have found something you do know at last!

"Well, Red Pyramid Bluffs is the mathematical centre of the Californian gold mines, just the same as Blagovestchensk is the centre of the gold deposits of Siberia; and the dotted line goes from one to the other. You beg it to get some idea of what I mean?

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"Thank Heaven for small mercies! If there's gold in Amooria, on one side of the Pacific, and gold in California, on the other side, you can see what follows from that? Why, of course, that there is a line of gold under the Pacific joining the two, thousands of miles long, hundreds of miles broad, and, maybe, as deep as the eternal centre of the world!

"And all that gold is mine by right of discovery. A big yellow ridge of it, right under the Pacific, from Amooria on the one side to California on the other. Bright gold—yellow gold—as pure as light—as soft as butter from the Alps! Gold, gold, gold! and all of it mine by right of discovery—by dd ggers' law.

"All very possible, you say? Why, it's certain! Why, it's clear as daylight! And how am I going to get it up? I thought you were foolish, now I know it! You don't suppose that Nature put all that gold there to waste? Nature isn't foolish, or a tourist, either! I'll tell you how I am going to get it up.

"You see this line of volcanoes, right across the top of Behring Sea, along the Aleutian Islands! Yes? And you see the line they make is exactly parallel to the dotted line of my gold mine? Yes, you see that? Well, the volcanoes come down Kamchatka to the mouth of the Amoor River, and then they disappear.

"Where do they go to? Any one could tell that. They go under the sea. Why doesn't anybody see them? Because they are not at the top yet. But they will come. First jets of steam, then smoke and ashes, then islands like St. Helena and Ascension submerged [illegible].

"Like some time for the volcanoes to grow? Not a bit of it! They are sure to come [illegible]

[illegible] Islands, just off Alaska, twenty years [illegible]. And then they worked backward across the Pacific, along the Behring Sea, and then started down Kamchatka, and then crossed over to Amooria. In three years more they start along my dotted line, and begin to heave up gold. I've plenty of time to close the shop, set sail for Siberia, and [illegible] there on the spot when they come up.

"But what beats me is, where am I to put it? There aren't cellars enough in Vienna to hold it, nor locks [illegible] enough to keep it safe!"—Cassell's Family Magazine.

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The World's Supply of Amber

THE main source of the amber supply is the seacoast of the Baltic Sea. It is fossil gum, originally the exudation of a species of conifer now extinct, says the Liverpool Mercury. This grew in luxuriant profusion hundreds of thousands of years [illegible] on the marshy coasts of Northern Europe when the climate was much warmer than it is to day. The natural history of amber is thus explained. The immense forests of amber pine underwent their natural downfall and decay. The resin of the wood accumulated in large quantities in bogs and ponds and in the soil of the forest. Where the coast was slowly sinking, the sea, by and by, covered the land, and the amber, which had been gradually hardening, was at last deposited at the ocean bottom. But in higher regions the pines continued to flourish, and so amber would still continue to be washed down to the shore and deposited in the later formed green sand and the still later formed stratum of lignite or brown coal. The gum became fossilized by its long burial underground.

More than two hundred specimens of extinct life, animal and vegetable, have been found imbedded in amber specimens, including insects, reptiles, plants, leaves, shells, fruit, etc., which had been caught in the liquid gum and entombed there for all time. Some of these specimens are so curiously beautiful as to be almost priceless, and one English collector has a cabinet of them which is valued at five hundred thousand dollars. One piece embalms a lizard about eight inches long, a little jeweled monster perfect in form and coloring, which has no like in anything existing now. Indeed, in many instances science is able, solely through this medium, to study details of animal life which perished from the earth many hundred thousands of years ago. There are flies preserved with wings poised as if for flight, where the prismatic sheen glowing through the yellow sepulchre is as brilliant as if they were floating alive in the sunshine.

Fifty-Two Lies of History

HOW OUR MODERN RESEARCH KILLS ROMANCE

THE African King Prester John, had no existence.

Wellington, at Waterloo, did not [illegible], "Up guards, and at 'em!"

The mother of Coriolanus did not intercede with her son to spare Rome.

There never was such a person as Pope Joan, the so-called female pontiff.

The existence of the Colossus of Rhodes is considered by some historians extremely doubtful.

William Tell did not found the Swiss Confederation, and the story of Gessler has no historic basis.

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.

The "Man in the Iron Mask" did not wear a mask of iron. It was black velvet secured by steel springs.

Cromwell and Hampden did not attempt to sail to America just before the outbreak of the English revolution.

The wonderful Damascus blades that cut bars of iron in two were not superior to the Toledo blades made to day.

Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wounds, as she did not accompany him on that expedition.

Seneca was not a half Christian philosopher, but a grasping money lender and usurer, who died worth over $3,000,000.

Cæsar did not say, "Et tu, Brute!" Eye witnesses to the assassination related that "he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf."

Charlemagne's palaces had no existence, and the history of Charlemagne himself is so clouded by myth as to be utterly unreliable.

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Richard III was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretensions to good looks, and of great personal strength and [illegible].

Augustus was not the public benefactor he is represented. He was the most exacting tax collector the Roman world had up to his time ever seen.

Mucius Scævola never put his hand in the fire. The story was a fabrication of a Roman historian hundreds of years after the supposed time.

Blondel, the harper, did not discover the prison of King Richard. Richard paid his ransom, and the receipt for it is among the Austrian archives.

Horatius never defended the bridge. The story was manufactured by the same gifted author who gave the world the account of Scævola's heroism.

"Madcap Harry" was not sent to prison by Sir William Gascoigne, the stern judge, nor was the latter reappointed by the Prince when he became King.

There is no reason to believe that Tarquin insulted Lucretia. His power was overthrown by a popular tumult, which is the only basis for the story.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round table is still to be seen in a south of England town.

General Cambronne did not say, "The guard dies, but does not surrender." The words were the invention of a Paris journalist and attributed to him.

The pass of Thermopylæ was defended, not by three hundred, but at least seven thousand Greeks, or, according to some writers, twelve thousand.

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is no good reason to believe that he could either play the harp or speak Danish.

The Maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

Cæsar did not cross the Rubicon. It lay on the opposite side of the Italian peninsula from the point where he left his own possessions and entered the hostile territory of Italy.

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William Rufus was not accidentally shot by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tyrrell. He was assassinated. His body, when found, bore the marks of three or four sword thrusts.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story that he did has no better origin than a comment by one of his biographers that "a man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub like a dog."

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentioned him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story as told by him.

Mary Stuart of Scotland was not a beauty. She had cross eyes, and to save the trouble of having her hair dressed cut it off close to her head and wore a wig.

Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but, after a long residence as a nun in the convent of Godstow died greatly esteemed by her associates.

The Bridge of Sighs at Venice has no romance worthy the name. Most of the unfortunates who cross it are petty thieves who are sent to the workhouse.

The siege of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own calculations—if there ever was such a man as Homer—Helen must have been at least sixty years of [illegible] when she met Paris for the first time.

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The immense burning-glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles distance were never manufactured, and it is now known that they could not have existed.

Charles IX did not fire on the fleeing Huguenots from the window of the Louvre during the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. On the contrary, he was frightened almost to death by the reports of the guns.

Pitt did not use the expression, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." The words were used by Doctor Johnson, who was not present, but wrote a report of the speech from an abstract given him.

Vinegar will not split rocks; so Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pe[illegible] so that the story of Cleopatra drinking p[illegible] melted in vinegar must have been a fict[illegible].

Worshipers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

Columbus did not make an egg stand on end to confute his opponents. The feat was performed by Brunelleschi, the architect, to silence critics who asked him how he was going to support the dome of the cathedral of Florence.

The blood of Rizzio, Mary Stuart's favorite, cannot be seen on the floor where he was murdered by Darnley and the other conspirators. What is seen there is a daub of red paint, annually renewed for the benefit of gaping tourists.

Queen Elizabeth was not the angel [illegible] ture represented in the histories and poems of her own times. Her hair was red, her temper red hot. She sometimes drank too much, and at any provocation would carry on like a trooper.

Constantine the Great was not a saint. He murdered his wife, one or two of his sons and a considerable number of other relatives. He was a Christian only in name [illegible] seems to have known little or nothing of the religion he professed.

The hanging gardens of Babylon did not hang, nor were they gardens. They were terraces supported by arches, and overgrown with trees. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian Queen who had come from a mountainous country.

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The army of Xerxes has always been overestimated by historians. Commonly computed at 5,000,000, the best evidence goes to show that, camp-followers and all, it did not exceed 1,000,000. His "thousands of ships" were twelve hundred.

Louis XVI did not behave with overwhelming dignity at his execution. On the contrary, he screamed for help, struggled with the executioners and begged for mercy. Nor did the attendant priest say: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven."

Philip III of Spain was not roasted to death by a roaring fire because Court etiquette forbade any one to come to his assistance. He died a natural death, and the same story is told of a dozen different monarchs who were sticklers for ceremony.

Sappho, the poetess, was not a wanton beauty, nor did she throw herself from the Leucadian cliff to be cured of an unworthy love. The latest investigations prove her a respectable married woman with a large family, which she reared with as much care as a Greek matron usually gave her children.

Hannibal did not send three bushels of gold rings, plucked from the hands of Roman knights killed on the field of Canne, back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian Senate, on concluding his report, "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field."

Nero was not a monster. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order, nor did he play upon his harp and sing The Burning of Troy while Rome was on fire. Our knowledge of him is gained from Tacitus, who hated him, and from Petronius Arbiter, who was put to death for his part in a conspiracy against Nero.—Globe Democrat.

The Modern English Girl

IS AFFECTED BY MODERN PROGRESS

By Sarah Grand

THOSE who look upon the modern girl as in some sort the result of their own efforts for the emancipation of the sex, watch her progress with very mixed feelings. In so far (as Sarah Grand in The Independent) as she is an improvement on the girls of other days it is a joy to contemplate her; but in view of her failings there is cause for disheartenment. We must remember, however, that she is so much stronger, so much more pronounced in every way than her colorless predecessor, that what would have passed for an amiable trait in the girl of the past generation stands out as a fine quality in the girl of to-day; while, on the other hand, those little weaknesses which provoked the mild recurrent ridicule of our ancestors threaten now to develop into faults or failings with which society will have to reckon.

Strength is one of the outstanding characteristics of the modern English girl. Nature were fitting her to be the mother of men who will keep us in our proud place as the dominant race. She begins already to show herself superior to the girls of other nations in her courage, and the fineness of her physique, in the soundness of her judgment, and in her knowledge.

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There was a picture, some little time ago, in illustration of an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, in one of the weekly papers, which showed very happily the difference between the two girls. The picture was divided into two sections. In the one an old-fashioned girl, very gentle, sweet and helpless in appearance, stood beside her mother, by whom she was being sheltered from contact with the outside world. She knew nothing, she was fearful of everything, her intelligence was undeveloped, her character unformed; and in that state she was expected to remain up to the time of her marriage, when she was required to blossom forth into a fully formed woman, and take upon herself successfully the difficult and complicated duties of mistress of a household and mother of children, as if the necessary knowledge came by instinct. Such was the reason and logic of her day. No wonder in the result she became a subject for ridicule to those who had not heart enough to perceive that she was a subject for sorrow. In the other section of the picture a girl comes riding down the road alone on her bicycle, a slight, strong figure, alive, alert, her superabundant vitality, her joy in life and action visible in her whole pose. One knew that she would steer her way through life as she was steering her way through the traffic of the crowded street, with grace and skill, and arrive at last at her destination, her place of rest, brighter and better for all she had encountered, accomplished and survived.

Which is the better part? The elderly woman of a passive generation who is out of sympathy with the active service of the land and sees only the dangers which undoubtedly surround our advance, holds up the ideal of the sheltered girl. She would have girls to continue delicate, supersensitive—leave them with every nerve exposed to suffer the jars and shocks of a world they cannot avoid—a world which was not arranged for their benefit, but only so as to make them suffer. Happily it is for the girl herself to choose which she would rather be—the gentle namby-pamby, of little consequence, never at ease, incapable of independent action, unfitted for liberty, a dependent and a parasite from the cradle to the grave, or that nobler girl who is not the less womanly because she has the power to resent insult and imposition. A woman cannot be developed into a man, and therefore when a woman is strengthened she is strengthened in womanliness, which surely is a desirable consummation. But just as there were fine characters developed by the old inadequate system of education, so may there be much that is regrettable brought out as a result of the new and better method. What should be guarded against is letting go. Let nothing go that is good.

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A truism of culture insists that it is good to be generous, gentle, loving, kind and true; these are qualities of noble womanhood which should be jealously guarded by women. But one of the great difficulties of education is that the same training results in quite opposite effects on different characters. What produces the happiest results on one temperament may be disastrous to another. Ideas which make one girl a capable gentlewoman will make another a vulgar hoyden, and there is no help for it in the system. The same, broadly speaking, must be applied to all. There may be modifications to suit special cases, but the modifications must be managed by individuals at their own discretion. The different effects are probably due to personal equation, natural bent, something in the blood, but they are also due to the girl's own ideal of life, and to the influence of associates who are either helping her instructors or at war with them.

It is a thankless task to find fault with others; but with ourselves or our work when we find fault, the tonic property of the discipline helps us to bear it. Still it goes against the grain to have to admit that our countrywomen are inferior in anything to the women of other nations; but it is well to be watchful, especially at the present period of their progress, lest they become so. So far they have not deteriorated, and there is good hope that they will not deteriorate; on the contrary, advance in spite of the dangers that beset them. At the present time, however, they seem to have entered upon what threatens to be an ugly phase.

On returning to England after a prolonged absence, one is painfully struck by the fact that there is one thing in which the modern English girl with all her advantages, tends to be deficient—and that is, charm of manner. The boy remains much the same, but the girl has lost a good deal of the natural dainty diffidence of youth, she thinks too much of herself, too little of other people, and that this should be the case is anything but a credit to her. In return for all that society concedes to her to-day in the way of education, physical training and independence, she should at least show a desire to please. She has a great objection to disagreeable people, yet she takes no trouble to make herself agreeable. When she is out of temper she does not conceal the fact. In her home life she is apt to be selfish, and in society she is only genial when it suits herself. She walks with a stride, she elbows people about in a crowd, she asserts herself on all occasions, and there is a conceited "I'm as good as you are" sort of air about her, a want of becoming deference to people older than herself, which is peculiarly unlovely, not to say offensive, and proclaims her at once underbred and ungenerous—ungenerous in that she accepts every privilege bestowed upon her but offers nothing in return, cultivates none of the gentle dignity, the grace, with which women can add so much to the beauty of life. In this world, if we would be happy, we must give as well as take; but, for the moment, the [illegible] of the modern girl seems to be to take.

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This, at least, is one's first impression of her [illegible] one has been accustomed to the ease, sweetness, elegance and perfect breeding of girls of all classes in France. The little laundress who brings home the washing, and is concerned about a morsel of lace torn from a pocket handkerchief, the waitress at a country inn who takes infinite pains to think of things with which to tempt the precarious appetite of madame; the overworked *bonne* who yet finds time for the flowers which she knows one loves; the seamstress hurrying home who readily goes out of her own way to show us ours; the shop-girl behind her counter, who is more anxious to oblige a customer than to palm off her wares—any and every girl you speak to responds with smiling deference—not to your rank, but to your individuality, with perfect self possession, but an utter absence of self consciousness; with an evident desire to please, which lends to her manner the ease, the simplicity and the distinction which in England is only associated in our minds with the manners of people of highest birth.

There are those who will say that our girls may thank their emancipation for their gaucheries, that liberty of action, over-education and the bicycle are at fault—as if restraint, ignorance and walking exercise only were compatible with a gracious demeanor. That we could not be both refined and independent was the cry raised by the opponents of any change in the position of women, and now they are saying, "We told you so." But they are wrong as to cause and effect, for surely the most daringly independent women were those who brought about the changes which were so bitterly opposed, and these women were not wanting in refinement. In fact, the ones to whom we owe most were women whose gentle diffidence and sweetness of manner won us our partisans from among the great majority of people who are susceptible to charm but impervious to argument. There has been nothing in the woman question movement to unsex women, and if her advantages have had the effect not of helping but hindering the advance of the modern girl, it is not more her fault than the fault of those who have had the direction of her early training.

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Sufficient attention has not been paid to her manners. Instead of being taught to improve herself she has been left to conclude that she is all that she ought to be. Manner is a thing that must be cultivated to be brought to perfection, and the trouble with her is that only too often, when left to her own devices she does not realize the necessity; she has no idea how unattractive she is, nor how much more she might make of herself and her acquirements by adding to them, by way of finishing touch, a desire to please—and that not only on occasion, but always, no matter where she may be nor whom she may address. For good manners are a decoration that must be worn continually if they are to sit well upon us. They must be a fundamental part of the character, an evidence of unselfishness, delicate consideration for the feelings of others, powers of appreciation, and many other good qualities.

If manners make the man they make woman in a still more essential degree, degree, that is, which is more essential to the well being of the community at large; for if the women do not preserve the refinements of life, and hand them on from one generation to another, the refinements of life must go altogether. There are people who boast a dislike to ceremony; but experience teaches that "I don't stand upon ceremony" is a person to be avoided, a gritty kind of person who is certain to grate upon us sooner or later. A right etiquette simplifies social relations just as a place for everything and everything in its place simplifies the business of life and adds to our comfort. If the modern girl would be a success in her time she would do well to remember, for her own sake as well as for that of others, that

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

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Legend of the Golden Arm

FOLK LEGENDS OF THE RHINE

ON THE bank of the Danube, near the Bohmerwald Mountains, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune, lie the ruins of an old castle. It is run over with moss and lichen. A gloomy forest of firs surrounds it, where the wind whistles through with strange, appalling sounds. The boatmen upon the swift, dark river pass by in silence, for the legend connected with the spot is faithfully believed by them.

Once upon a time, goes this story, there lived in the castle a mighty baron who had a very beautiful wife. She was slight in figure with golden hair that hung in waves to her feet. Her eyes were so pure and calm in expression that the guilty could never look upon them. The paleness of her complexion was relieved by the crimson of her lips and the glossy jet of her long eyelashes. Her dress was always white. One day while hunting with her husband the lovely baroness was thrown from her horse and her arm was so badly hurt that amputation was necessary. She bore her misfortune without repining and the superstitious began to look upon her with wonder and admiration that her beauty did not fade, and that she never uttered an unkind word. Her influence over the baron was so great that he seemed to overcome all the evil feelings and passions of his nature. Before marriage he had been cruel and avaricious, but now no one was more generous and noble. All the gold he had hoarded up was given to a skilled workman to make his wife a golden arm, which she wore, and so she became known by the name of "the lady with the golden arm."

Years passed by, leaving the inmates of the castle untouched by grief or care. But a sudden and sorrowful blow struck that happy home at last. That night was a stormy one without, and it seemed as if the spirits of the mountains were revelling in darkness. Mournful wailings were blended with the roar of the madly tossing waters, and before the birds were again warbling their morning songs the soul of the lovely baroness had departed. Men cannot mourn forever, and the loneliness, and grief, and solitude which the baron suffered after the death of his wife slowly changed him to his former nature.

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He became cruel, hard, cold—absorbed in the love of gold. The pure angel of his home had flown, and he was left undisturbed in his pursuits. He began to think of the golden arm that lay in the vault; the thought came to him with horror, and he spurned it at first. Gradually the desire of possession mastered and maddened him, and he no longer scrupled at the violation of the sacred grave. With stealthy steps in darkness and gloom the changed baron sought the tomb of his wife for the unmouldered arm. The worms had destroyed all but the golden ring and the arm, and these the man hastily gathered and bore them to a place among his stores of wealth.

The midnight following the day the golden arm had been purloined from its resting place, the baron awoke with a perception of a depression and stillness in the air. It was a warm night in summer. Not a leaf moved. Not an insect fanned its tiny wings. A single star shone in the dark blue sky, through an open window, and its soft light was reflected from a mirror opposite; everything was silent and still—fearfully so. A form, shadowy and indistinct, leaned motionless against the deep window. The baron's eyes were fixed upon it, with horror and fear in their distended pupils. He had not the power of removing his gaze or changing his attitude until the horizon became tinged with a hue of violet light, and the coming day dispelled the horrors of the night. The next night the apparition presented itself but more palpably, and he recognized his once loved wife; there was a look of severity upon her countenance, a bitter reproach in her eyes. The bright sunbeams of the morning fell upon the wild, insane face of the baron. He wandered for years along the lonely shores of the Danube—his wealth passed into strange hands—the golden arm was never found. He sleeps, not in his ancestral vaults; nobody knows the whereabouts of his resting [illegible].

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Alphonse Daudet's Career

LITERARY LABORS OF THE NOVELIST

THREE years ago François Coppée published in one of the Parisian journals a pathetic account of a visit he had just paid to Alphonse Daudet, who has just died. At that time, though not yet fifty-five years of age, Daudet was a broken figure. For the past ten years, indeed, he has been what is aptly described in the terrible French phrase *un homme fatigué*. The faltering hand was shown in his last published work, La Petite Paroisse, and though all lovers of French literature must regret the passing of one of its greatest modern writers, there is solace, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, in the thought that the best work he was capable of doing has probably been done.

For the South of France, where he was born, Daudet had the characteristically French mingling of love and contempt. Though he used to ridicule the southern temperament, he reproduced it in his works again and again with a beautiful tenderness. He stood himself for the type of young French provincial who, with a passion for literary distinction, turns broken heartedly from his home in the southern country to seek his fortune among the temptations and the cruelties of Paris.

One of the simplest and loveliest things in modern French literature is Daudet's account of the early years of starvation, and poetry, and cheap theatre-going at the Odéon, when, with his crude talents insufficiently trained at a lycée in Lyons and at the school of Alais, where he had held a humble post, he tried with his pen to gain a livelihood from Parisian editors. Thousands of boys under twenty were probably undertaking the same task, and even when he stood out from them in the brilliantly successful years that followed, Daudet never forgot the miseries of that time. A clever book of verse, published in 1858, with the touching and amusing title Les Amoureuses, opened to him the door of French society, so important a factor in a young Frenchman's literary success. Friends secured for him a secretaryship with the Duc de Morny, and during the glittering years of the Empire, from 1861 to 1865, while Morny was President of the Corps Legislatif, Daudet was thrown into the thick of political and social life. This experience was, of course, immensely valuable to him and in his work he turned it to good account.

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Without neglecting verse writing, he began to undertake articles for the daily press, stories, and, in collaboration with Ernest Lépine, short plays as well. In a few years he became known as one of the strongest of the younger men who felt the influence of Flaubert. Yet he cannot be said to have followed closely in the footsteps of the master of realism; he was never able to develop out of a certain sentimentality that weakened his work. One feels this very strongly in comparing his fiction with the stories and the novels of so unswerving a realist as Maupassant.

In spite of his unevenness, however, Daudet could rise to wonderful power. In Sapho, for example, the novel which he made him known to every civilized country of the world, there is not the least suggestion from beginning to end of loss of vigor. Without being as great as the best work of Maupassant, it has a greatness of its own, as not only an absorbing and terrible record of the inevitably corrupting influence of vice, but as a faithful picture of life and a profound study of character.

As a humorist it is doubtful if Daudet can ever be widely appreciated outside his own country. In his three books recounting the adventures of Tartarin he displays his skill in eccentric character drawing, as well as the French love of ridicule, which cannot be regarded as a very noble element of humor. Some of his strongest work was done in the drama, though in this field too he had his disappointments. One of his most artistic achievements was L'Arlésienne, a powerful work, for which Bizet wrote the famous incidental music. Though at first unsuccessful, it is still put on the stage in Paris at intervals; it is curiously significant of the absolutely Gallic quality of Daudet's genius. The drama exploited at length the state of mind of a young man crazy with love for a worthless woman whom he could not marry. To a Frenchman this is a serious situation, worthy of serious treatment in art; to the Anglo-Saxon it is contemptible and ludicrous. In other words, Daudet was as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon temperament as the average Frenchman is. He was interested in the world outside France; yet Paris was his world, and when less than three years ago he ran over to London his trip created the excitement of a journey of exploration.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Origin of the Loving Cup

THE best account of the origin of the loving cup comes from the late Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris. According to his narrative, King Henry of Navarre (who was also Henry IV. of France), while hunting became separated from his companions, and feeling thirsty called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine.

The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and His Majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so His Majesty had a two-handled cup made at the Royal potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the King's cup) presented it to him holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the King of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as His Majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Hence the loving cup.

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When the Fields are Abloom

By C. Warman

OH, IT'S easy to love, to be loyal and leal,
Sweet, when the fields are abloom;
When Nature keeps pace with the passions we feel,
Sweet, and the fields are abloom.
But oh, to be true when the year has grown old,
When the flowers are fading and love's growing cold
Though the heart of the maiden is easy to hold,
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.

In your sunny smile is perpetual spring,
Sweet, and the fields are abloom;
And all the year round I can hear the birds sing,
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.
For the sun seems to stay in your beautiful hair
And the rose in your cheek; what shall I compare
With your kiss?—the scent of summer is there,
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.

—Detroit Free Press.

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A Forfeited Wager

NATRUM muriaticum, a homœopathic medicine, is nothing but common table salt. But in the process of dynamization, homœopathically, its particles have been subdivided until they "approach infinity." A German druggist once bet fifty dollars that he could take a certain number of homœopathic doses of it every day for a month, reasoning that in that time he would not take as much salt as could be held on the extreme point of a delicate penknife. But he did not calculate on the power, not "violence," of homœopathic medicine. Before half the month had passed he gladly paid the bet. He had made a "proving" of natrum muriaticum, and did not like it. "Affections of the inner head, headache as though a thousand little hammers were knocking simultaneously at the brain," is the way Guernsey vividly describes it.

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How Many Bones in the Human Body?

THERE appears to be differing testimony as to the number of bones in the human body. Eminent specialists vary from 206 to 260, which is a most remarkable difference. The Hebrew physicians counted 248 bones and 365 ligaments, which division was believed to have relation to the 248 precepts of the Mosaic law that command and the 365 that forbid. The cranium consists of eight different bones. There are fourteen bones of the face, besides thirty-two teeth. There are four very small bones in each ear, and one at the root of the tongue. Head, above neck, sixty-three. The spine contains twenty-four pieces, called vertebræ, and between these and the lower extremities are four bones more. There are twenty-four ribs, and a breastbone or sternum down the middle of the front. That which is commonly called the body, fifty-three.

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How Parrots Shaped America's Destiny

A FLIGHT of birds, coupled with a sailor's superstition, robbed Columbus of the honor of discovering the continent. It is a very curious but historical fact. When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic, he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been two hundred and sixteen nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots, which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flight of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery—a widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that day; and this change in the great navigator's course curiously exemplifies the influence of small and apparently trivial events in the world's history. If Columbus had held to his course he would have entered the Gulf Stream, have reached Florida, and then probably have been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have given the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more important consequences."

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The Length of the Day

AT LONDON, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and a half hours in length. At Hamburg in Germany, and Dantzic in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At Saint Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption, and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months. At Saint Louis the longest day is somewhat less than fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen

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A Nation Without Nerves

THE Chinaman can write all day, he can work all day, he can stand for a whole day in one position, weaving, hammering gold, or cutting ivory, without once being attacked by nervousness. This peculiarity makes itself apparent in early youth. The Chinaman can bear any kind of bodily exercise. Sport and play are to him unnecessary labor. He can sleep anywhere and in any position—amid thundering machines, deafening noises, the cry of children, or the wrangle of grown people; on the ground, in bed, or on a chair. In his own innocent way the Chinaman is almost a Sybarite.

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A New Orchestra Without Men

PROFESSOR J. B. SCHALKENBACH, formerly the organist of the Polytechnic Institute of London, has recently invented and constructed an electrical orchestra, which is very effective. An organ with two keyboards and a number of stops is connected by electric wires with a large number of musical instruments, which are distributed over the space usually given up to the orchestra, and kept in place by various stands. While a chair is located next to each instrument, the only man in the entire orchestra is Professor Schalkenbach himself, who takes a seat at his organ, from where he conducts, so to speak, his mysterious musicians. Although it is advertised that the entire arrangement is mechanical, and that electricity is the agent doing all the work in this orchestra, a sensation of timidity, and even awe, is felt by many visitors. The electrical orchestra is now exhibited in a Vienna concert hall, and surprises even professional musicians through the extraordinary combinations of sound brought out by Professor Schalkenbach.

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The Wonders of the Sea

OCEANS occupy three-fourths of the earth's surface. At the depth of three thousand five hundred feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle, from the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton on every square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom of the box. Taking the average depth of the oceans of the world to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt two hundred and thirty feet thick over the entire bed should the water evaporate. The water of the ocean is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many places, especially in the bays on the coast of Norway, the water freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles per hour—nearly twice as fast as the fleetest steamship. The base of a wave—the distance from valley to valley on either side at the bottom—is generally reckoned at being fifteen times the height; therefore, an average wave, say one twenty-five feet high, has a base extending over three hundred and seventy-five feet.

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The Ancestry of Queen Victoria

VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, is the niece of William IV, who was the brother of George IV, who was the son of George III, who was the grandson of George II, who was the son of George I, who was the cousin of Queen Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III, who was the son-in-law of James II, who was the brother of Charles II, who was the son of Charles I, who was the son of James I, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI, who was the son of Henry VIII, who was the son of Henry VII, who was the cousin of Richard III, who was the uncle of Edward V, who was the son of Edward IV, who was the cousin of Henry VI, who was the son of Henry V, who was the cousin of Richard II, who was the grandson of Edward II, who was the son of Edward I, who was the son of Henry III, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I, who was the son of Henry II, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror. Thus Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back without a break for about eight hundred years.

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The Most Expensive Leather

THE most costly leather in the world is known to the trade as piano leather. The secret of tanning piano leather is known only to a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use, the covering of piano keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are procured almost entirely in America. It is a peculiar kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather; a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great Northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in Detroit, which collects the skins of this deer from Indian and half-breed hunters.

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Judge Not

By Adelaide A. Procter

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain;
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

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How Nature Corroborates Moses

WHILE Colonel Ingersoll and other unbelievers are talking about the mistakes of Moses the earth is yawning and throwing up corroborations of the old Hebrew lawgiver. Many of these corroborations have come and continue to come from the long-buried city of Nineveh. Nineveh was the capital of a splendid empire when the pyramids were young. Seven hundred years before Christ the prophet Nahum foretold its fall (Nahum 1: 14). One hundred years later (in 606 B. C.) the prophecy was fulfilled. The sand drifted over the ruins into which the King of Media had crumbled its palaces, and it was lost for ages—its very site being a subject of controversy among antiquarians. About forty years ago the ruins of Nineveh were discovered. Ever since, the work of exhuming it has gone on. First and last, many and interesting facts have been brought to light, and marvelous testimonies to the accuracy of the Old Testament have been found.

There are now in the British Museum eleven thousand finely lettered clay tablets, each one about a foot square and an inch thick. These are so many pages from the library of the ancient Kings of Nineveh. By means of them scholars have read the cuneiform inscriptions, and unlocked the histories which were buried in a grave twenty-five centuries deep. Twelve of these little slabs form what are known as the "Creation Tablets," because they contain some records of the creation, and particularly of the deluge. As far as they go, they strangely substantiate the Mosaic account. Others bear witness to the truth that those ancient times believed in the one God, proving that the world was monotheistic in the dawn of authentic history, just as the Bible teaches, and that polytheism was a later form of belief. Thus do the very ashes of dead and buried empires speak from the grave to refute and confound skepticism.

Josh Billings used to say: "I wouldn't give ten cents to hear Ingersoll on the mistakes of Moses, but I would give ten dollars to hear Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll." It is about equally profitable to hear ancient Nineveh on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

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A Vanished Fortune in a Vase

THE story of the priceless Portland vase, with its exquisite form and its classical figures in opaque white glass on a ground of intense and lovely blue, is familiar to many. It was discovered in a marble tomb near Rome four hundred years ago, and ultimately came into the possession of the Portland family for the sum of nine thousand dollars. At a subsequent sale it was bought by Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, for a fabulous sum, after a spirited contest between Wedgwood and the then Duchess of Portland; and, in response to the Duchess' tears and entreaties, was restored to her, on condition that the potter and his heirs might make fifty copies of it every hundred years.

Of these copies fifty only were made, and sold during Wedgwood's life at fifty pounds each. Few of them are in existence to-day, and their value has increased from tens to thousands of pounds. One, however, came into the possession of a china dealer of the name of Strauss, who bought it with a miscellaneous lot of spoiled or unfinished pieces of pottery at a sale twenty years ago. Ignorant of the value of the vase, Strauss sold it to a casual customer for a few shillings, and only when too late to trace the new owner discovered the mistake he had made. Diligent search has been made throughout America and Europe for the vanished treasure, but without success. Whoever possesses it has in it a fortune, without his knowledge.

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Snow Storms of Many Colors

COLORED snow storms were recorded as long ago as the sixth century, and a shower of red hail is said by Humboldt to have once occurred in Palermo. In Tuscany, on March 14, 1813, there fell hail of an orange color. In 1808 red snow fell to a depth of over five feet in Carniola, Germany. The storm of colored snow was followed by one of the regulation color, and the effect produced by the separate layers of red and white, which were perfectly distinct, was very peculiar. A portion of the scarlet snow was melted in a vessel and the water evaporated, when a fine, rose-colored, earthy sediment was found at the bottom. Snow of a brick-red hue fell in Italy in 1816, and in the Tyrol in 1847. In the first volume of Kane's Arctic Exploration it is stated that when the ship passed the "Crimson Cliffs of Sir John Ross" the patches of red snow, from which they derive their name, could be seen at a distance of fully ten miles.

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Longest Stone Ever Quarried

THE great Wisconsin monolith, one hundred and fifteen feet long, ten feet square at the base and four feet at the top, may be set up on the lake front of Milwaukee to mark the coming semi-centennial of Statehood. This stone was taken from the red sandstone quarries of F. Prentice, at Houghton Point, Wisconsin, and it was originally proposed to send it to the Chicago Exposition as a Wisconsin exhibit. But engineering and financial reasons prevented, and it has been left at the quarry until the present time. A movement is now on foot to ship it by water to Milwaukee, and there erect it. Plans and estimates have been made, and it is estimated that forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars will do the work. The claim is made that the stone is ten feet longer than any recorded single stone in the world. The granite obelisk at Karnac, mentioned by M. Mariette as the loftiest known, is one hundred and eight feet high.

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Wisdom Given in Epigram

LIFE is the soul's nursery.—Thackeray.

AS WE advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Froude.

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth.—Philip James Bayley.

NOT being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction.—Virgil.

IT is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.—Swift.

ANY mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good.—Mrs. Stowe.

SORROW wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.—Francis Horace.

THROUGH the wide world he only is alone who lives not for another.—Rogers.

In the Children's World

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

My Little Bo-Peep

By F. E. Holliday

MY LITTLE Bo-Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying;
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping;
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
Bid your days go all a-maying.
Oh, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smoothe her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

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The Bears that Ate Cherries

A LIFE SAVED BY AN ACCIDENT

IN A CAVE in a rocky valley, surrounded by a forest, dwelt a family of bears: two old ones and their children, Rug and Tippet. Of the former, the mother was an old, patient bear, accustomed to take things easily, and rather proud of a stock of proverbs inculcating patience, which she was fond of using to check her husband's hasty ways and to bring up her children to follow her example. Rug and his sister Tippet were now nearly grown up, and lived with their parents till they could find a place where they might keep house for themselves.

One day, as they were at home alone, their parents not having returned from hunting, they were disturbed by their father suddenly coming in hurriedly, throwing himself on the ground in the corner, and grumbling in a discontented voice: "Of all the unlucky bears in the forest I am the most unlucky!"

At this Tippet rose and went to him, and putting her arm round his neck in a consoling manner, asked him what had happened.

"Happened!" cried he; "why, I have just missed catching the finest young wild pig I have seen for years, and I am as hungry as a hunter, too. Just my fortune!"

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His children immediately warmly sympathized with him at the loss of the pig, and he continued: "And that's not the worst of it; when your mother comes home she is sure to be quoting some of her pet proverbs."

"Yes," said Rug. "Perhaps she will tell you 'Patience is a virtue.'"

"Or 'Patience and perseverance conquer all things!'" added Tippet.

"Now, don't you youngsters rack your brains to invent proverbs," grumbled their father. "Pigs are better than proverbs for a hungry bear any day; and there! I do believe I hear your mother coming, and before I have got over my disappointment, too. I am an unlucky bear!"

"Dear me! Bruin, what is the matter now?" asked the mother, coming in. "'Better luck next time.' Don't be so put out; what has happened?"

"Father has lost the finest young pig he has seen for years," cried the two children together; "and he is so hungry, too."

"Well, that is no reason why he should make such a fuss about it. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

A few days after, as Rug was walking through the forest, on the lookout for what he might meet with in the way of food, as he passed under a tree something fell near him, and on going to see what it was he found it to be a ripe wild cherry, and very good to the taste; on looking up, he saw that the tree was covered with fruit, on which a quantity of birds were feeding, and Rug, being a good climber, at once determined to climb into the tree, and join in the feast. For some time he climbed about from branch to branch, doing his best to gather what he could, but these were so few that they only excited his appetite; and at last he rested from his labors, puzzled what to do, and as he was doing this he heard a self-satisfied grunt, and on looking down he saw a large wild boar.

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Wandering about the tree to get the cherries, Rug had shaken it a great deal, and the consequence was that quantities of the fruit had fallen, and on these piggie was now enjoying himself. Rug looked down from his perch at the boar for some time, uncertain what to do. Both his father and mother had cautioned him not to meddle with wild boars, but at last his longing for some of his own cherries becoming greater and greater, and the boar's grunting more and more annoying; his patience gave way, and shaking the tree angrily, when his adversary looked up he called to him: "Pig, leave those cherries alone; they are mine. I shook them off this tree for myself; you have no business to touch them. Go away, or I'll come down and make you."

The boar, who seemed to be in no great fear at this threat, and only grunted complacently, answered: "Shake away, old fellow, shake away; perhaps you will shake as many down as will do for us both. What I find upon the ground I look upon as my own, and I am not going away till I have had enough."

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This answer was more than Rug could stand. The boar was evidently not going away until he was satisfied, and when might that be? Besides, he might be joined any moment by his wife and family, and how many cherries would it take to satisfy them? Clearly the fruit was Rug's, and was he to stay quiet and see it all devoured by a great pig, and not get a taste of it? He would do nothing of the sort. It was all very well for his father and mother to tell him to avoid boars, but they never could have imagined such a case as this. He would fight him. So climbing quietly down the tree, he waited an instant, then seeing his adversary's back turned toward him, he rushed on him. But Rug had reckoned without his host; the boar had kept an eye on him all the time he was coming down the tree, and when he rushed on him he wheeled round and met him full face, and Rug, to his astonishment, found himself rudely driven back, with a great cut in his side and thigh from the boar's tusks; and seeing he had got more than his match, he was very glad to escape, and ran off home as well as he could.

On arriving there he found his parents and Tippet, who were much shocked at his appearance, and his mother dressed his wounds as well as she could, and put him on a soft bed, and then he told them how he came to be hurt.

The next day Rug was not able to go out, and was left alone with his sister; and being feverish from his wound, as he was lying stiff and sore he said to her:

"Tippet, do you think you could get me one or two cherries? I'll tell you where the tree is. The boar won't be there now; but don't fight him if he is."

Tippet readily consented to go, and told her brother not to fear her fighting the boar, for if she so much as saw him she would run home at once; and having learned where the tree was, she set out to find it. On reaching it she looked carefully about underneath for cherries, but the boar had eaten them all, and she could not find one; so there was nothing left for her to do but to climb the tree, and try and get some there. Up she went, and on getting well into it, like Rug, she was disappointed to find that they were nearly all out of her reach; and as she was thinking over the best way to get some, to her horror she heard a grunt under the tree, and on looking down she saw the boar, who had returned to see if he had a chance of getting any more cherries on the ground under the tree.

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Tippet was regularly caught in a trap; she had intended to run at the first sight of her enemy, but here he was below her, and she had no chance of escape, and she sat quite still, and thought anxiously of what she could do. Meanwhile the boar hunted under the tree, and finding very few cherries, he looked up and saw Tippet sitting quietly above him, so he waited patiently for a minute or two, and then cried:

"Shake away, there! Why don't you shake?"

Poor Tippet was shaking all over with fright, but that was not the shaking the boar meant, and after waiting, he said:

"Oh, if you are sulky and won't shake, I'm in no hurry. I'll rest myself a bit. Let me know when you begin." And then he lay down under the tree. And now Tippet was worse off than ever; all sorts of horrors presented themselves to her mind. Rug might get tired of waiting for her and might come to look for her, or her parents might come home and do the same, and in either case there would be a terrible battle between them and the boar; and she sat and puzzled her brains as to what she could do to escape.

The day was hot; and at last she heard a great snore come from below. The boar was asleep, and now was her chance; she would slip quietly down the tree, and run home as fast as she could. But before going she must get a cherry or two for Rug, and she noticed that the branch she was on was covered with fruit, and that they grew nearer to her reach than any of the others, so she could easily get at them, and she climbed softly along it, shaking it as little as possible. But, alas! Tippet knew nothing of the brittleness of cherry-wood, and all of a sudden the branch snapped off short between her and the trunk of the tree, and down they both came on the sleeping boar's ribs. He, thinking, perhaps, that the tree had fallen, or not knowing what might come next, started up out of his sleep, and not stopping to look round at what had disturbed him, rushed grunting into the forest and was soon out of sight; while Tippet, whose fall had been broken by alighting on her dread enemy, and who was unhurt, got up, shook herself, and was soon on her way home at full speed, not having forgotten to pick up and carry with her the branch whose sudden breaking had caused her to make such a rapid descent.

When she reached home she found her parents on the point of setting out to look for her, uneasy at her long absence, of which they had heard from Rug, and they and the latter were delighted to see her return safe, and bringing such a quantity of cherries with her; and as she told them of her adventures, and of how the boar had started up out of his sleep in a fright and quickly fled into the forest, her father fairly roared with laughter, and cried to her mother, "There, my dear! very little patience shown on either side this time. Can you get your proverb in now by any means?"

"Why not?" answered she. "If Tippet had had time to think as she was falling out of the tree, she would have thought the breaking of the branch a very ill wind. But you see how she profited by it. I won't say the boar gained much, but then, I never did say that both sides were always to profit."

"Oh, I see now. He did not show any patience when he left—he didn't wait and see; perhaps that is the reason why he got nothing," said Bruin, as he picked a cherry off the branch and ate it with great relish.

"My dear Bruin, I actually believe you are right for once," replied his wife, quietly removing the branch farther from her husband and placing it nearer to Rug.

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The Dolls of a Duchess

WHEN President Faure of France went to Russia lately to cement his country's alliance with the Czar, he neglected no means, says the Youth's Companion, of obtaining favor at the Russian Court. He courted the friendship of the rising as well as the risen generation by taking, as a present, some wonderful talking dolls to the Grand Duchess Olga, the elder of the Czar's two little girls.

They were, of course, phonographic dolls, and though their form and exquisite dressing were the work of French art, they owed their ability to talk and sing to America, where Mr. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, was born and lives. One of the dolls was a little girl, dressed in white muslin, with a waist of blue surah silk. She was in a box, and when the box was opened the little Grand Duchess Olga, who is now two years old, was astonished to see the doll pop up and to hear it say, in perfectly clear French:

"Good-day, my little mamma! What a nice dream I've had! I dreamed that you brought me a pretty doll, that laughed and talked and sang, just as I do!"

After this the doll began to sing, and went through a French song, something like our familiar one, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and also two other French songs, about "My Beautiful Home" and "The Little Drum."

The other two dolls were more remarkable for their costumes than for their talking, though they, too, could speak. One was dressed as a fashionable grown-up lady in a costume of pale blue silk, sprinkled over with rosebuds, a hat covered with rich ornaments, and a green velvet mantle trimmed with swan's-down, and she carried a white umbrella. These were far from being all this fashionable young lady's clothes. She had a wardrobe in which were a street costume and a ball toilet. Her talk consisted of phrases appropriate to a lady of society.

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The third doll was a peasant, and she was the most interesting of the three. She had a wardrobe containing several of the costumes worn by peasant women in France. Concerning this doll a dreadful political question arose. Diplomats and statesmen were called upon to discuss the gowns of a doll! For one of the costumes made for this pretty creature was the dress worn by the peasant women of Alsace and Lorraine—and the portions of those provinces, too, which are now a part of the German Empire. The statesmen decided that this would not do at all, since it might have a tendency to indicate that at the Russian Court Alsace and Lorraine were regarded as rightfully still a part of France. So the little peasant doll was robbed of her Alsatian costume and left with only those of Normandy and Brittany. It will not be strange if, with these beautiful dolls of French nationality, the Grand Duchess Olga grows up with a decidedly soft spot in her heart for France.

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Jim's Diplomacy

"HERE, Jim, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your brother." James examined the cakes carefully, appeared undecided, and finally took a heroic bite out of one of them, which he passed over to his brother with the remark: "There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one; they were both the same size."

What a Boy's Act Cost

THE VALUE OF REPUTATION

BESIDES the pleasure derived from living an honest, upright life, every young boy growing up into manhood should take into consideration the fact that much of his future life will depend on how the first fifteen years were spent. He should never forget, then, that his boyhood years must ever be open for inspection, and that, sooner or later, his early record may become a factor in making or marring his fortunes.

I have in mind a young man who a few years since went to a strange city to attend a technical school. A few weeks after he had entered upon his duties as a student he was arrested, charged with committing a grave offense. As all the circumstances in the case pointed to him as the offender, his chance for acquittal seemed very discouraging. A stranger, and without friends in the city, what defense could he offer? He knew but two men in the place, one the pastor of an influential church, who had formerly been his teacher; the other, an old shoemaker, once a neighbor to his father. They were called, and both bore witness of his excellent reputation as a boy. The pastor had not forgotten his scholar whose word was as good as his oath any day, and the old shoemaker remembered the young man as the boy who was always above doing a mean or cowardly act. These two good souls were most enthusiastic in giving their testimony. It was a critical moment. That boy's past was to decide his future. But it was no more truly so than it is with every boy, who is every day of his life building for either good or evil.

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With all this evidence before him, the judge conducted a most thorough investigation of the damaging circumstances, with the surprising result of discovering the young man's innocence. After dismissing the case, he shook the young student's hand in a hearty fashion, and assured him that he owed the quick disposal of the case and his own acquittal to his unspotted life in boyhood.

Said he: "I was so firmly convinced of your guilt that I considered further evidence superfluous, until I heard the testimony of the honest men who had known you as a boy. Such evidence as they produced was not to be set lightly aside. I could not think that a boy who would not do a mean thing, a youth whose word was as good as gold, could develop into a criminal in early manhood; hence I determined to leave no stone unturned to arrive at the truth, and you know the result. Ah, my young friend, there is nothing like a clean record back of you when you are falsely accused by an enemy."

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On the other hand, more than a quarter of a century ago, Tommy Hatfield, a pleasant-faced little boy of seven, earned half a dollar picking berries. It was the first that he had ever earned, and he went skipping along the pavement, showing it to all the boys he met, telling how he had earned it.

"Look here, Jerry," he said, displaying his new treasure to a boy several years his senior, "I earned it, and it is a beauty."

"It's nothing; I've had dozens like it," sneered Jerry, at the same moment knocking the money out of Tommy's hand.

It went spinning along the pavement, with Tommy after it; but Jerry was too quick for him, and, snatching it up, pocketed it, and when the child accused him of dishonesty he denied having it, and insisted it was still lying somewhere near. Though Tommy was not convinced, he had no means of redress, but he never forgot the mean deed, nor the boy who was guilty of it. Years went by. Jerry, through the influence of two friends, was employed in a Government office in Washington. A year later he was quietly dismissed, and as the cause was not made public the circumstance was soon forgotten.

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Sometime afterward Tommy was appointed to fill the position of which Jerry had been relieved, and proving a faithful servant he remained at his post for more than a score of years. Jerry studied law, and in the course of time became quite an orator. One summer he announced himself a candidate for the United States Senate. Being a flattering, genial fellow, he had a large following, and his election seemed to many a foregone conclusion. But one morning the daily papers published a statement to the effect that the popular candidate had been dismissed from a Government office because of the false entries he had made. The charges were denied by Jerry and his supporters, and a committee was appointed to examine into the truth of the statements, but investigation showed that the report was true. The next week the election took place, and he was a defeated candidate.

A few days later Jerry received a letter from Washington. He broke the seal and read it:

"Do you remember the day you stole a little boy's berry money, and almost broke his heart? If you don't, I do, and that mean deed has cost you a seat in the Senate. TOMMY HATFIELD."

It is well to remember that thistles of evil, thoughtlessly planted in days of youth, bring their certain harvest in the after years just as surely as bread, cast upon the water, returns after many days.—Forward.

Quickest Courtship on Record

A PREDESTINED HUSBAND

"MURA! Mura Ainsley!"

The clear, childish voice rings out through the long hall, and Mura, sitting beside the glowing fire in a room where all else is darkness, looks up to see a little figure in furs at the door.

"Where are you going, Lottie?" she asks.

"Going? Where everybody else in the village is going," said Lottie. "Coasting down the big hill."

"Everybody going coasting?" laughs Mura. "I'd like to see them."

"That's what I'm here for—to take you along," returns Lottie. "Now, don't say you won't go, for you must. The snow is packed beautifully, the moon is shining like an electric light, and it's a grand night. Come on! I've got a sled."

Her cousin's laugh rings out clear and musical.

"What would I look like on a sled?" she asks. "It's all very well for you, not out of short dresses yet; but imagine me playing in the snow with a lot of children."

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"Children!" ejaculated Lottie, scornfully. "There'll be more than children there; there'll be some just as old as you, Mura. You're only eighteen, but you're such an elegant, dignified young lady, I suppose you feel older. Confess, though! Wouldn't you like to be a child again just for to-night?"

Mura looks suddenly grave.

"I would, really," she says, and there is a little tremor in her tones. "If I were a child, Lottie, I wouldn't be on my way now to be sold to a man—that's just the way I feel about it. Father doesn't know what to do with me. It was all right while I was at boarding-school, but now I interfere with him too much. All he cares for are his books. So he writes to Aunt Angeline, and Aunt Angeline writes back: 'Send Mura to me. I'll make a good match for her.'"

"And she's got the rich young man all picked out?" cries Lottie, who is romantic as well as precocious. "Why, I think that's splendid! Everything settled for you without any trouble. What's his name, now—oh, Bennett—Howland Bennett. I wonder if he's any relation to Judge Bennett of our town?"

"I don't know anything about him," replies Mura, indifferently.

"Oh, you'll soon be enlightened."

Mura's lip curled scornfully.

"If I disappoint Aunt Angeline I suppose I'll be sent back to my father, and I'd rather marry anybody than go back."

"Well, I don't know as a rich young man's to be sneezed at," comments Lottie. "But since your trial begins to-morrow, why not have one night of real fun? I've got a splendid scheme, Mura. You've been here only a few hours; nobody knows you. Just put on some of my clothes and be one of us—please do."

Mura springs up suddenly.

"Anything to get away from my thoughts," she said quickly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Come upstairs and I'll show you."

Lottie leads the way, and fifteen minutes later the girls descend the stairs.

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Mura's trim little figure has been arrayed in her cousin's dress, the skirt of which is a couple of inches above her shoe-tops. Her rich brown hair hangs in a wide braid down her back, and a little brown cap crushes the soft ringlets on her forehead.

A fur-edged jacket, fur tippet and worsted mittens complete the costume.

Lottie whirls her around in delight.

"What a dear, cunning little schoolgirl you are," she says. "Your father ought to send you back to graduate all over again. Imagine Aunt Angeline, if you presented yourself like this. She'd look you over through those glasses on a stick and say: 'Marriage! Tut, tut, child! Get thee to a nursery.'"

Mura joins in the laugh and they go out together.

It is easy for her to forget the years between her and her cousin as they tramp over the snowy ground, dragging the heavy sled behind them.

How the air tingles! How her spirits rise as she joins the merry throng on the hill!

"My friend, Miss Dolly Brown," says Lottie, with a smile, to this one and that.

All the village boys and girls are out, and not a few older ones, watching the fun.

The hill slopes superbly to a wide, white plain, and down the track the weighted sleds dash, while youthful voices ring out on the frosty air.

Mura, for all her disguise, feels out of place. She wished she had worn her own garments and joined the spectators.

But as she stands there a sudden temptation comes over her to join the coasters.

Lottie has gone down on a big double-runner, and Mura stands there alone, a little at one side, holding the rope of their sled.

Suddenly a tall youth, muffled in worsted scarf and fur cap, stands beside her.

"Let me take you down, won't you?" he asks. Something in his voice makes Mura look up quickly.

His eyes are black and shining above the folds of his muffler, but those and the tip of his nose are all that she can see of his face.

"I know who you are, Dolly Brown," he says, "I know your friend Lottie and lots of the little girls around."

Little girls!

Mura laughed quietly. But what can she expect in her short dress, especially when the top of her cap only reaches to his shoulder.

"You look lonely out here," he goes on. "Let me take you down. I'd like to, first-rate."

"Pshaw! He's only a big country boy," reflected Mura, and she gives him the rope of her sled.

The youth sits close behind her, and as they fly over the icy track Mura shrinks timidly. "You're all right, trust me," he says, and an arm is placed protectingly around her. She draws away and then submits with a little nervous laugh.

Somehow the pressure of that arm, the contact of his broad shoulders, send a strange sensation through her veins; she finds herself blushing in the darkness.

Down the long hill they skim and out upon the white plain.

She looks back once and meets the smiling glances of those bright black eyes.

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Her pretty profile is very clear in the silvery moonlight, and her companion reflects that if she were a few years older his position would be an enviable one.

"Awfully pretty little girl."

When the sled stops in its swift flight Mura springs suddenly from that embarrassing embrace.

"Thank you, very much," she says.

"And thank you, Dolly Brown," he answers. "That's the first good coast I've had for years. Shall we try another?"

"Oh, no," says Mura quickly. "I'm going home. Good-night."

With a bow that would have graced a courtier, he lets her go and mingles with the crowd again.

Somehow a low, mellow voice and a pair of black eyes are mingled in Mura's thoughts to-night; but on the morrow the incident is forgotten, and a very stylish, dignified young lady appears before Mrs. Antoinette Ledwith in the latter's white-and-gold drawing-room.

The ambitious matron looks smilingly at her niece; decidedly she approves her.

That lithe, graceful form, those peach tints, those dreamy, sapphire eyes and wealth of golden tresses make up uncommon beauty.

"How well they will look together," she reflects, her mind upon her favorite—young Howland Bennett.

In order to lose no time the lady has invited the banker's son to dinner, and when Mura descends the stairs this evening, in a dark blue silky gown, she gives a cold greeting to a dark, handsome young man, whose appearance makes an impression upon her girlish heart despite her determination to hate him.

When young Bennett takes his departure, Mura has promised to go sleighing with him the following day.

The snow lies thick and hard on the streets, but the season of sleighing will be short, as it always is in the city. Bennett makes his appearance in a fashionable little cutter behind two jetty horses, and more than one turn to look at the handsome young couple as they skim along.

Mura's cheeks are rosy and her eyes sparkle! The young man is surely an agreeable companion, after all. She feels the pleasure of the occasion and must express it.

"I have enjoyed this ride so much," she says, as they glide along a quiet avenue of the park on their homeward way.

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It is twilight, and the gray shadows are fast gathering round them.

Bennett looks steadily at his companion's profile.

"Was there any snow where you came from?" he asks.

"Not at home. You know I live farther south," she answers. "But I stopped night before last with an aunt in Pelham. The snow was fine there; everybody was out coasting, as my cousin Lottie said."

"You, too?"

"Imagine me coasting!" she says evasively. There is a twinkle in Bennett's eyes which she does not see.

Just then the sleigh gives a lurch, and to Mura's horrified surprise her companion's arm clasps her waist.

"Don't!" she says.

"Oh!" he returns coolly. "I was imagining you coasting. Don't you need to be held on, little Dolly Brown?"

That mellow, assuring voice! Mura faces him suddenly.

He has turned the collar of his coat up against the lower part of his face, and two shining black eyes peer out above the edge.

"Oh, oh!" cries Mura. "It is you!"

Then she blushes and draws away.

"You were glad to be held night before last," he laughs. "I thought I recognized you at once; yet what a change."

"You, too," retorts Mura.

"Yes; I was stopping with my uncle, Judge Bennett, of Pelham. The beauty of the night tempted me out to the hill, where I have had great fun in my younger days. I thought I'd try being a boy again. In my rough jacket and muffler I suppose I looked more like a big country boy than a city gentleman, didn't I?"

"Well, if I'd known!" explains Mura.

"And if I'd known who I was holding on that sled. I can't see that formality is of any use now. Mrs. Ledwith might as well know that the mischief's done."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she wanted me to fall in love with you, and I've done it," says Bennett.

"What nonsense," murmurs the girl.

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"Not at all. Didn't I get my instructions from your aunt? After a decorous courtship I was expected to propose. By jove! I don't see any reason for delay. I'm head over heels in love already. Will you have me, Mura?"

Mura looks at him in alarm. The dark, handsome face is very serious, and in his eyes there is an intense admiration that makes her own eyes droop.

"I mean it, Mura," he continues. "I've heard all about you, as you've doubtless heard of me. Do say you'll have me, and if you change your mind it will be all right."

Mura's laugh rings out gayly.

"I mean I won't hold you against your will, but I don't fear to lose you, sweetheart."

His arm steals around her again, and this time Mura does not protest.

She knows now why that embrace while coasting down hill thrilled her so strangely; it was the embrace of her own true lover.

Mrs. Ledwith heard the news with mingled consternation and pleasure.

"I—I don't know what to say, it's so sudden," she says at last. "Of course, I think you're just suited to each other, but I scarcely expected—well, you have my consent. I'll write to your father, Mura."

And these are the first lines penned to her distant brother:

"*My dear Rupert:* I am going to write you about the quickest courtship on record."

The rest we know.—Toronto Globe.

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What a Frog's Croak Did

DR. CUSHMAN'S STRANGE ASSISTANT

IT IS not common knowledge, except to those familiar with electrical and telephone history, that the first telephone was constructed in Racine, Wisconsin, and that the inventor, Dr. S. D. Cushman, in now a resident of Chicago, says The News of that city. His offices are in the Stock Exchange building. Here the venerable inventor, who built the first telegraph lines in this part of the "Far West," pursues his business with more alertness than does the average young man. In a corner of the room is a large, worn piece of muslin, on which is painted in thin color a representation of a telegraph line stretching away in the distance, connected with a crude instrument set on two logs, near which a frog is sitting by a stream. This old relic represents the telegraph line of "good cedar posts" which Doctor Cushman constructed west from Racine in 1851.

It is a reminder of the days when Doctor Cushman was associated with Professor Morse in the pioneer days of telegraphy. On his desk is the first telephone transmitter, constructed in 1851, twenty-five years before the Bell patents were taken out. It is a small square box with a speaking orifice, and containing a mechanism on the same principle as that of the modern transmitter. In 1851 Doctor Cushman undertook the construction of a lightning arrester, his object being to take the lightning that struck the wire and run it into the ground, the instrument being so constructed that it would not interfere with the light current used in telegraphing. This instrument was placed out on the prairie on two logs, and in order to know when it had operated, a triple magnet, with a sheet of thin iron at the poles, similar in construction to a modern "receiver," was placed in the corner of the box. In case the lightning passed through the instrument the electro-magnet would pull this strip of iron down into the range of a permanent magnet, which would retain it until the instrument was inspected.

A similar device was placed in the basement of the building at Racine and connected with the other end of the line. One day while a thunderstorm was coming up and Doctor Cushman was watching the instrument, the croaking of frogs was heard thirteen miles away. This is the explanation of how the old painting with the crude instrument and the croaking frog is identified with the discovery of the telephone. Doctor Cushman is the inventor of the fire-alarm system in use in Chicago. His Patent Office reports, he says, "would weigh a ton."

In the Buffalo Stampede

ON THE PLAINS OF NEBRASKA

By Charles B. Lewis

CYCLONES and hurricanes continue to devastate; prairie fires and cloud-bursts desolate and destroy; the rivers rise from their beds and carry death on the muddy waters; but the tragedy of the buffalo stampede is never to be enacted again. It was a mighty terror of the plains, more to be feared than a war party of Apaches—more to be dreaded than the billows of flame licking up the long, dry grass.

It is high noon on the great, sun-baked, sun-dried plains of Central Nebraska.

An emigrant party, composed of a dozen wagons and as many families, has halted on the Loup Fork of the Platte River to cook dinner and rest their animals. It is midsummer, and the creek has almost disappeared. Here and there a few barrels of water are left in a deep hole, and again the bed of the creek is dry and steaming with heat for a hundred rods.

There is water here for the emigrants, such as it is, but the quantity is reduced one-half before the thirsty horses have had their fill. The men look up and down the bed of the creek, but as far as the eye can see in either direction there is no more water.

As the camp fires are lighted and the dinner made ready let us fly north a dozen miles. A hundred miles away is the Niobrara River, rising in the mountains far to the west, flowing in the same eccentric manner, and its bed also just as dry at this season of the year. Five or six days ago a herd of buffaloes numbering thousands drank their fill at the Niobrara as they crossed it, working to the south in fear of the Indian buffalo hunters, who were abroad on the Dakota line, and in hopes to find richer pasturage along the forks of the Platte.

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Here and there, as they have progressed, water has been found in small quantities, but for thirty hours past not an animal has had a drop. The grass is scorched and dead, the ground hot to their feet, and the almost solid mass, covering acre after acre, are almost quiet at this noonday hour. Here and there one tosses his head in anger as thirst torments him, and the others give utterance to their terrible sufferings by long-drawn sighs and moans.

Every animal has a listless look, and you would say that it would require something beyond the ordinary to cause a single one of them to break into a run. The sun glares down like a ball of fire. The stirring of so many feet has filled the air with fine dust, to add still another torment to the situation. The ox or the horse would long ago have fallen to the earth to die.

See! Near the centre of the herd a great bull suddenly throws up his head and scents the air. He is a magnificent specimen—one of the kings of the herd. Does his keen scent bring the presence of water over the dozen miles of scorched plain? Is there something to make him afraid? He wheels around and around—he utters hoarse bellows which excite the animals around him, and in two minutes half of that great herd is in a state of wild agitation.

Of a sudden, with massive head held low as if to attack, with eyes blazing, with clots of foam flying from the corners of his mouth, with a fierceness of demeanor which clears a path for him, he heads to the west and charges through the herd. He is followed by ten, thirty, a hundred, a thousand, by every animal which can move, and now begins a stampede. A mighty living mass rolls over the plain, a body more to be dreaded than a tidal wave sweeping in from the sea. Movement incites to new energy, a rivalry to reach the front, a sort of madness which knows no fear or obstruction.

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The emigrants are at their dinner, and their horses are feeding about them, when an alarm is sounded. One of the horses raises his head, looks fixedly to the east, and utters a shrill neigh of anxiety. The men look up. The sky is clear, and there are no signs of Indians about. They make light of the warning and sit down, but a moment later half a dozen horses are pulling at their lariats, there is a fierce, unmistakable trembling of the earth, and a man whose face is paler than death suddenly leaps up to shout:

"A buffalo stampede! Take to the wagons!"

There is room for all and time for all, but as the men look to the east and see that great living wave, two or three miles long and a mile broad, bearing down in its might upon the camp, they shout in dismay and cry out, they know not what, in wild despair. Terror robs them of the power of action.

Nearer—nearer—coming straight on—maddened by their thirst and terrified by their own conduct, and there is a chorus of shrieks and shouts—the reports of two or three rifles—a series of crashes which blend into one, and the camp has been blotted out. As the great wave hurls itself into the bed of the Loup and beyond, there is no sign of the camp, no sight of the wagons—nothing to tell of the thirty human beings alive and well and full of hope two minutes before. All have been wiped out—blotted off the face of the earth.—Detroit Free Press.

How Gurdon's Aunt was Saved

THE FOLLY OF AN OVERWISE YOUNG MAN

By W. Pett Ridge

WHEN little Gurdon asked me to spend a fortnight of the vacation with his people I was inclined at first to think it was a piece of impudence on his part. I suppose little Gurdon must have seen what was in my mind, for he apologized, and explained that it was because he had said so much in his letters about my speeches in the school debating society that his father had sent the invitation.

"My father isn't a bad sort," urged little Gurdon modestly, "as fathers go, only that he's rather an invalid. And my aunt—that's his sister—she's a very good sort, too. Considered rather swagger in the way of looks. And there's the river close to our place, and there'll be one or two people staying there; and, altogether, if you didn't mind, Burleigh——"

"Tell you what," I said, in rather a burst of generosity, "you run out and smuggle in a tin of sardines, and I'll ask my people to let me come for a week or so. Will you try?"

"Like a shot!" said little Gurdon.

"What age is your aunt?" I said, trying to press down a tuft of hair that gives me more worry than anything else in the world.

"Oh, I don't know," said Gurdon. "The usual age. One can of sardines will be enough to smuggle you said, I think?"

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I was at home in Kensington for about a fortnight, and then I went from Paddington down to Gurdon's place. A brown-faced man was getting into a smoking compartment (name on his portmanteau, Warde), and if he had laughed I should have asked him what he meant by it. Fortunately for him, though, he didn't.

I mention this chap to introduce him into this story. He was a decent-looking fellow, and when (at Westbourne Park) I changed into the smoking compartment, I found out in the course of the journey that he was going to Gurdon's place. He hadn't very much to say for himself, but I'm rather good at conversation, and I talked nearly all the way down to Taplow, and told him what I thought of several things.

"Burleigh," said little Gurdon, when we stepped out, "I'm awfully glad to see you! I've been afraid something might happen to prevent you from coming. A man like you must have a lot of calls on his time, I know, and—Hullo, Mr. Warde! Is that you? Didn't know you were coming by this train."

Mr. Warde said that his boat had arrived rather earlier than was expected.

"Let me introduce you to my friend Burleigh," said little Gurdon, proudly. "Never heard him speak on foreign politics, I s'pose?"

Mr. Warde, as he stepped into the carriage, confessed he had not been so fortunate.

"Ah," said little Gurdon, fervently, "you've got a treat in store!"

I was a little disappointed on arriving at the house to find that Gurdon's father, who was lying on a couch, did not make quite so much fuss over me as little Gurdon had done, and that he seemed on very friendly terms with Mr. Warde. But I had a wash and put a little fresh scent on my handkerchief; and then the aunt came in, and when she put in an appearance I forgot everything else. Sounds an extravagant thing to say, I know, but she was absolutely the most charming girl I had ever seen in all the course of my existence, and I flattered myself I had met many charming girls.

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She shook hands with Mr. Warde in rather a reserved way, and said, without looking at him, that she hoped he had had a pleasant voyage home. He said that any voyage would have been pleasant which brought him nearer Taplow, and upon this he glanced at Gurdon's father, who was watching them both rather keenly, and then turned to me.

"You are the statesman, Mr. Burleigh, at your school, aren't you?"

"I know something about public affairs," I said.

"I'm afraid you'll find us rather behindhand here," remarked Gurdon's aunt. "We think of nothing but the river."

"Dare say you're not too old to learn."

"The river," said Gurdon's father, from the couch, "is a most dangerous place."

"You mean because it's so easy to fall in, sir?" I said.

"Because there it is so easy to fall in love," answered Gurdon's father good-humoredly. "When you're five or six years older, my boy, you'll find that out. What do you say, Warde? And you, Winnie?"

"I say," said Gurdon's aunt quickly, "that we'd better have something to eat. Are you sure you don't mind us leaving you for a time?"

"My dear little sister," said Gurdon's father, patting her cheeks, "don't worry yourself about your helpless nuisance of a brother. Look after the visitors."

At table Gurdon's aunt let me sit next to her, and I talked away a good deal, and little Gurdon said afterward that he considered I was in very good form. I asked little Gurdon how old he thought his aunt was, and it turned out that she was close upon twenty-five. I was rather disappointed to find that she was so old, but, thinking it over on the way down to the river, I could see that years were nothing providing hearts were right, and if she didn't mind waiting until I left school, why, there was no reason why I shouldn't make her an offer without delay. She was walking with little Gurdon down to the boathouse (having first made her brother quite comfortable on a long basket-chair looking onto the lawn), and I was with Warde. Warde seemed the kind of chap who improves on acquaintance, and he had traveled a good deal, and if it hadn't been that he was rather too attentive to Gurdon's aunt I dare say I could have stood him fairly well. I asked him what age he thought a man ought to be when he married, and whether he thought seventeen or eighteen was too young, and he said he thought that twice that age was nearer the mark.

"Ridiculous!" I said. I felt annoyed. "Why, a man could fall in love over and over again before he reached that age."

"That's the idea," remarked Mr. Warde. "But at that age he would know his own mind."

"Shouldn't think it would be worth knowing," I said sharply. "What do you think of Gurdon's aunt?" He looked at me rather inquisitively before he replied.

"I think a good deal of her, youngster," he said. "Why do you ask the question?"

"I have my reasons," I said, with reserve. "Struck me that you were not on very friendly terms with each other."

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He seemed amused at this, and clapped me on the shoulder in a very cheerful way, as though he was rather glad to hear it. When at the riverside near the trees Gurdon's aunt and little Gurdon caught up to us, it was decided that Warde should scull, that little Gurdon should steer, and that I should sit next to Gurdon's aunt.

"The hamper!" cried Gurdon's aunt, suddenly.

We had all forgotten it. Off little Gurdon and I pelted, found it, and started down to the riverside again. And here comes the important part of this story.

I let little Gurdon carry the hamper himself the second part of the way across the fields; for one thing it was very heavy, and for another, I wanted to get back and listen to her pleasant voice. I hurried on, and presently through the trees on the edge of the river I saw them in the boat waiting. I crept up and listened.

"The doctor says that he cannot last much longer," I heard her say.

"I scarcely know whether to be glad or sorry. I beg your pardon, dear. Of course, I'm sorry. I like him almost as much as you do. Still, I can't help wishing——"

"But you mustn't," she said seriously.

"We could run up to town for a few days while your nephew and this other youngster are here."

"No, no!" she said, with a good deal of earnestness.

"I bet you as much as a penny, dear girl," he said, "that I elope with you before you are many days older."

"You must not bet," she answered reprovingly; "you must not call me 'dear girl,' and elopements are early Victorian and no longer fashionable." I coughed. "And you really think, then, Mr. Warde," she said in a louder voice, as I came through the trees, "that Turkey is bound to go? I'm afraid I have never understood the Eastern question."

I kept very careful watch on him, not only on the river but afterward, on the return journey and in the evening, when she played queer little pieces by Grieg to her brother, and the rest of us sat on the lawn and sipped iced things. Once or twice I thought that Gurdon's father was also watching carefully, and I made up my mind that I would do anything to defend her from Warde, even if it came to telling Gurdon's father about his impudent proposal. Little Gurdon was quite concerned about me, and asked if I wasn't enjoying myself, and I told him quite sharply to mind his own business.

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I wasn't feeling on the best of terms with anybody, and it therefore rather gratified me when, a day or two later, I found out, by looking at a telegram, which one of the men was taking to the post-office, that Mr. Warde had a deep scheme in hand, and was arranging it, as he thought, very cautiously. I had never had to deal with anything like this before, and my idea, you understand, was to work it all out in the most effective way possible. Therefore I kept my weather-eye open with a view to my best chance.

The chance came one evening, when we were all on the lawn. Mr. Gurdon had been brought out on his invalid chair; little Gurdon was close beside him, and Gurdon's aunt and Warde were near the house talking. I told myself that what I was about to do was for her good, and that quieted any compunction that I may have had in doing it.

"Mr. Gurdon!"

"Burleigh!"

"Do you mind—do you mind calling Miss Gurdon and Mr. Warde? I have something to tell you."

"What's it about?" asked little Gurdon curiously.

"Nothing to do with you," I said sharply. "Get indoors. It's not a subject for youngsters."

"Shall I go in, father?"

"May as well, my boy." Little Gurdon ran off. "And send your aunt and Mr. Warde here." He turned slightly on his chair. "Now, then, Burleigh."

"Wait till they come."

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"My dear," said Mr. Gurdon to his sister, good-temperedly, "this young man has a statement to make that requires an audience. It is either a declaration of foreign policy or a protest against the pitch of our cricket field, I'm not sure which."

"Mr. Gurdon," I said—I can tell you I felt very nervous standing up there in the dim light with those three grown-up people before me; but I put on my debating-society voice, and gripped the back of a chair—"Mr. Gurdon, since I've been staying here I've discovered something about Mr. Warde's proceedings I think you ought to know."

"My dear Warde," said Mr. Gurdon, laughing, "I always said you special correspondents were capable of anything."

"It is my duty, I conceive, sir, as a guest in your house, to bring to your notice anything that is going on under your roof of which you may not have cognizance. I take it, sir, that in doing what I am about to do, I am only doing an honest, manly and straightforward act."

"Never mind, my lad. Get to the facts."

"The facts, sir, are these: This gentleman, if the term can be properly applied to him, has been inducing your sister, Miss Gurdon, to go away with him."

Her white hand trembled, and Mr. Gurdon pressed it affectionately.

"He has used argument after argument, I am sorry to say, and I happen to know that he has telegraphed to London to make arrangements for them both to remain a few days there next week."

"Gurdon," said Mr. Warde, stepping forward, "I must explain this."

"Let me do so," appealed Miss Gurdon. "A few words from me——"

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Gurdon, patting her white hand gently; "how do you know that any explanation is needed? A man may be an invalid and yet have his wits about him. A man may not—may not have many months to live, and yet——"

"Dear, dear brother!" She bent and kissed his hand very affectionately.

"And yet retain something of his old acuteness. Why, I know what Master Burleigh here does not know." He stroked her head as she sat down near him. "I know that my young sister was quietly married to my friend Warde before he went out with the last Egyptian expedition, and that she kept it from her useless and tiresome brother."

"No, no, dear! Not that."

"Useless and tiresome brother," he repeated (but his voice quavered), "because she had made up her mind to nurse him and look after him until—until the end. And that same useless and tiresome brother is very, very grateful to his dear sister, and he will never forget her and all her goodness."

She was sobbing now, and he, too, had tears in his eyes.

"Warde, my dear fellow," he said, "be a good husband to her, won't you? Burleigh, my boy, run in and get off to bed. You will be off early in the morning. I want to talk to my sister and to my brother-in-law."

"I hope, sir," I said with respect, "that you will understand, and that Miss Gurdon will understand, that if I had known——"

"It is only as we grow old," said Mr. Gurdon cheerfully, "that we find out how ignorant we are. Good-night, Burleigh, and good-by."—The Sketch.

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Millions of Petrified Fish

FOR a score of years the geologists have known of the existence of immense beds of shale in Wyoming which occasionally yielded fine specimens of fossil fishes, but it is only recently, says the Saint Louis Republic, that similar beds have been discovered in Colorado. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds of square miles in the northwestern part of the Centennial State. They extend a distance of one hundred miles in the direction of Green River and "shelve out" for one hundred miles more toward the interior of the State. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in thickness. One of the greatest puzzles regarding the find is the fact that they lie about eight thousand feet above sea-level.

The World's Largest Tree

THE largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in Northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed; but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem, says the San Francisco Examiner. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and compared to it "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills, to be the mast of some great admiral, is but a wand." As for the story of its discovery, it is told by "Dad" Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people: "Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the then unknown country beyond Honey Lake.

"The Indians—we called them Bannocks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section, we traveled toward Baker County, Oregon, through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker County line we came to an opening in the rocks about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices five and six hundred feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified tree-stumps of different heights and sizes.

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"In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fracture of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrification. At its butt this tree was quite sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape line. It was just six hundred and sixty-six feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amber-like beads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of one hundred feet or more. Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the centre seemed transparent, and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I have ever seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building. I don't often tell this story because people do not believe it, but I could go to the place now without the least trouble and point out this wonder, if anybody should be anxious to see it."

Church Debts

Very likely the Dorcas Society, The King's Daughters, or the Young People's Society want funds to carry on their work this winter. Perhaps you have in contemplation a new organ, or carpet for the Sunday-school, or possibly the question of paying off the Church debt is troubling you. We have a plan for providing money for any of these objects.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75 cts. per bottle.

My little daughter was attacked with a severe and DEEP-SEATED COUGH, which other remedies failed to relieve. Jayne's Expectorant cured the child.—F. E. HOLDEN, Greenleaf, Minn., Oct. 15, 1895.